

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1915.

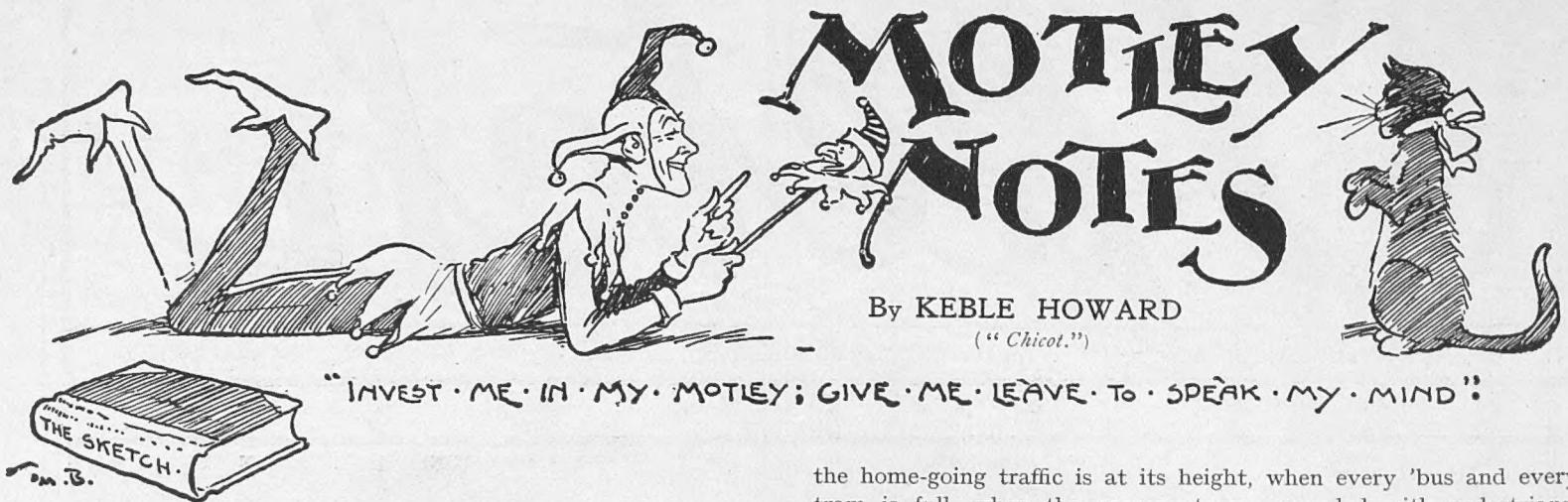
SIXPENCE.



ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT CAMPDEN: MISS ALICE MARY EYRE.

An engagement which has just been announced, and has created considerable interest, is that of Miss Alice Mary Eyre, of whom we give a special portrait, and Captain Viscount Campden, 5th Gloucestershire Regiment, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough. Miss Eyre is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Eyre, of

Belgrave Place, and Blakesware, Widford, Herts. Viscount Campden was educated at Downside College, and subsequently at Exeter College, Oxford. He was an Hon. Attaché at Washington, 1913-14. He is in his thirty-second year. Viscount Campden's portrait is given on another page.—[Photograph by Yevondz.]



The Wave. There is a feeling of optimism in the air. I am sorry for the pessimists, but they must be told the hard truth. The country, my poor friends, is feeling distinctly chirpy. Go out into the street, tackle the first man you meet, tell him things are looking bad for the Allies, and he will call you a fool. Use your best arguments on him. Explain to him that he is being deceived by the Government for some dark and secret purpose known to nobody outside the Government—except yourself. Still, I repeat, that man will not believe you.

I went into a bank to-day.

"Three-and-sixpence off every pound," said the gentleman at the counter. And he smiled.

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Income-tax. Three-and-sixpence off every pound. Makes a big hole in a sovereign." Again he smiled.

"Oh, the income-tax!" I replied. And I smiled.

Well, I am by no means a rich man; and I don't suppose the gentleman in charge of the counter at that bank is a rich man, because, oddly enough, the only people who actually handle cash in large quantities seldom are rich men. And yet we both smiled, unaffectedly, at the idea of an income-tax of three-and-sixpence in the pound. Now, everybody is poorer when the income-tax is high. If they don't pay it directly, they pay it indirectly. What is the explanation of those smiles? Why, the general, irresistible feeling of optimism.

Crown Prince Barometer.

There is another unfailing index to the tone of the people; they have killed the Crown Prince again. It is always a good sign when the Crown Prince is killed. I have noticed that. When the public is slightly depressed, the Crown Prince is never killed. During the Russian retreat, for instance, when you met people who assured you that Lord Kitchener had told the King, very quietly, that the war would last twenty-seven years—at that time, I say, the Crown Prince was in splendid fettle. He was eating well, sleeping well, and looking twenty years of age.

When the Russians rallied, the Crown Prince sickened. He could not look at a chop, and had ridden past a church without having the heart to slip the altar-candles into his pocket. The poor young man was not at all well. But he was not killed at that time. The news was so indefinite, and Russia is so far away.

But when the Great Advance came through the other day, up went the spirits of the populace and the Crown Prince died on the spot. He was shot in the head, in the lungs, in the heart, and in the stomach. He was shot in action, and he was shot by one of his own men whilst taking a bath. He also died of fever and pneumonia. He was poisoned, and he fell down a well. In short, there was hardly any way in which a man can die that the Crown Prince did not die during that week.

Which shows that the pessimists are having a very thin time of it indeed just now. One is quite touched.

The Lighting of London.

I happened to be in town on the first evening that the new lighting regulations came into force, and I happened to be detained, on His Majesty's business, until night had fallen. At seven o'clock, when

the home-going traffic is at its height, when every bus and every tram is full, when the pavements are crowded with pedestrians, many of whom stray off into the roadways, I was compelled to drive from Charing Cross, through Kennington, Brixton, Streatham, Croydon, Purley; and so to the open country. It was quite exciting. One could see nothing—nothing at all, mind—but a series of red dots, varied by an occasional white dot. And the singular part of the business was this; the effect of the new lighting is to lead one to believe that a red light ahead is two hundred yards away, when, in reality, it is fifty yards away. You can imagine, easily enough, what happens. You put on a little pace to take advantage of that two hundred yards, and the next moment, as it were, you are almost into a dray, or a tram, or a trolley.

One does not mention this fact hoping for sympathy; there is no sympathy for the motorist, whether he is abroad on the King's business or his own. But it must be quite evident that if a red light is so deceptive, owing to the surrounding gloom, the motorist has no chance of seeing a perfectly black figure in the roadway. None at all. It can't be done. The black figure can see the oncoming car, if the black figure looks, but a good many black figures do not look. And that is how the accidents happen. Speed has very little to do with it. At eight miles an hour, even, you are bound to run into anything which is in your way if you cannot see it.

The Remedy? What is to be done about it? The lights will not go up again until the war is over; you may be quite sure of that. And the war will not be over one day the sooner because the people of London are inconvenienced. Indeed, right-minded people revel in the inconvenience; it makes them feel that they are bearing something, however little, of the hardships of war. The darkness has come to stay.

Of course, the obvious remedy is for the pedestrian to make quite sure that the road is clear before attempting to cross it. This is so simple a remedy that it will appeal to nobody. It has been suggested that pedestrians should carry lights. Nothing could be more dangerous than that. A light is a signal, and everybody drives by lights at night, just as a cutter picks its way among shipping. If the pedestrian gave the wrong signal—white instead of red, for example—much confusion would result. There are some ladies who might possibly make a mistake. Again, if the pedestrians carried red only, the red must be shown on one side of the road only. At least, I think so. Work it out for yourself, friend the reader, and try not to go mad.

Night Clubs.

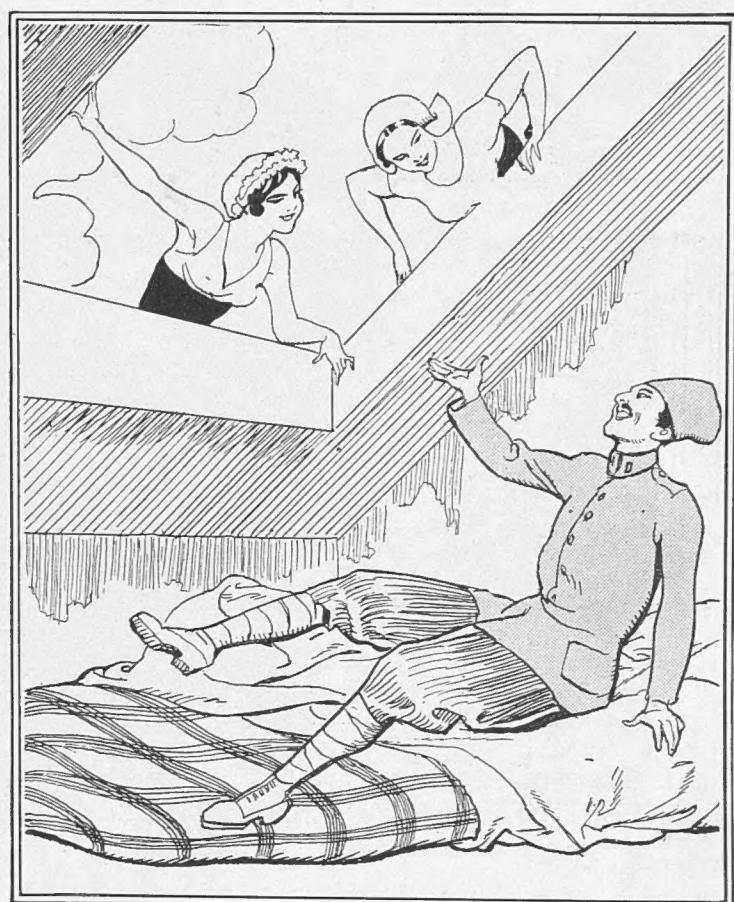
They tell me that the night clubs are doomed. Personally, I don't care if they are, for I gave up late nights, save on very rare occasions, when I came to live in the country. But I do not quite see how the police can enforce this regulation. If a man likes to invite his friends to his house, and if he likes to keep them there till four or five in the morning, and if he chooses to give them champagne and whisky, and if, in return, they make him a little present on the following day, I cannot quite see the position of the police in the matter.

No doubt I am entirely wrong. So far as I am concerned, the question, as I remarked before, leaves me entirely cold. Sir John Simon, who is pretty cool himself, must deal with it without my assistance.

VANITIES OF VALDÉS: BEDS IN BILLETS.



THE STRAW-BED.



THE MATTRESS.

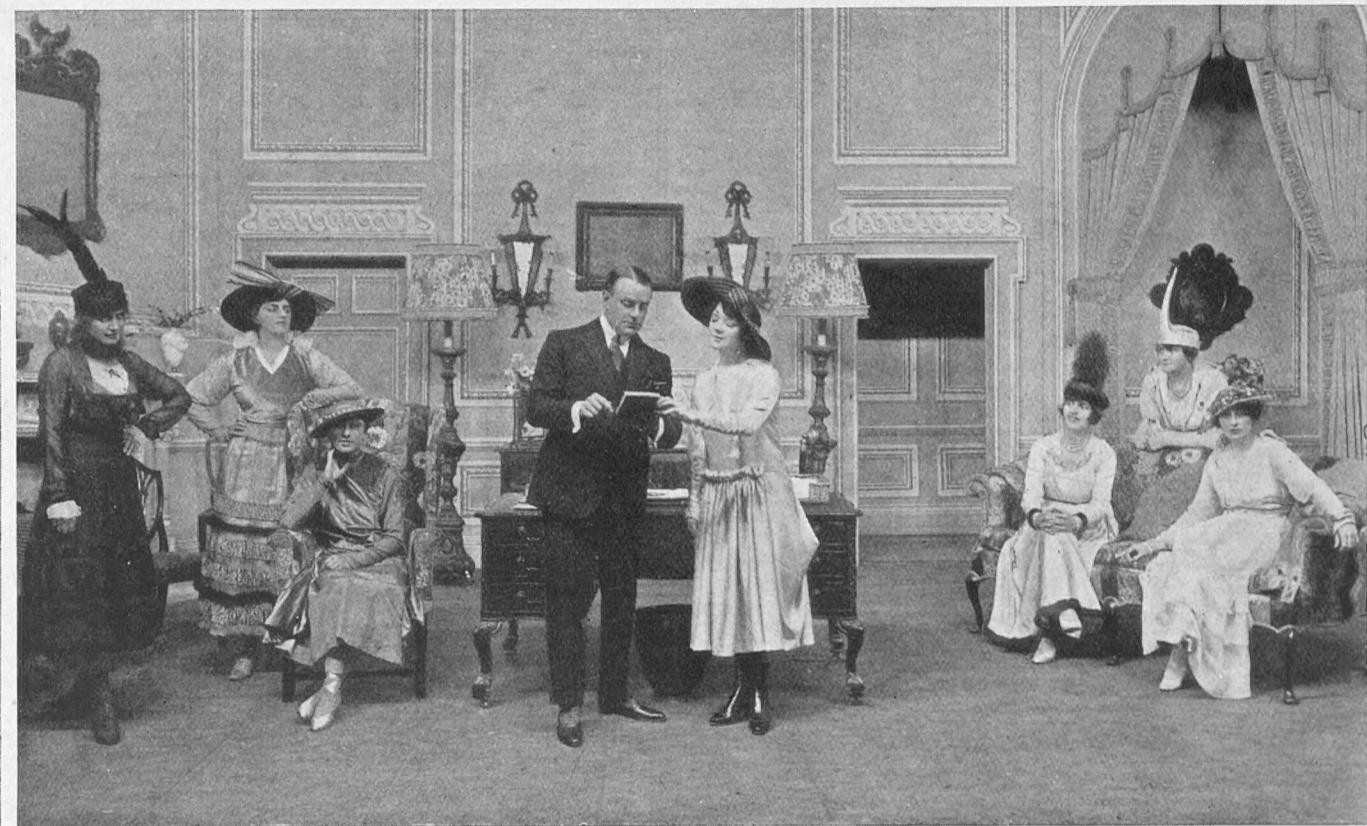


THE BOURGEOIS BED.



THE ARISTOCRATIC BED.

A "WOMAN-AVOIDER" AND A WOMAN: "THE ONLY GIRL."



"WE'LL WRITE IT TOGETHER, AND THE FIRST ONE WHO STICKS FOR A RHYME PAYS FOR DRINKS":
MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS AS ALAN KIMBROUGH AND MISS MABEL RUSSELL AS PATRICE LA MONTROSE.



"COCKTAILS, LADIES?" MR. HERBERT VYVYAN AS SAUNDERS;
MISS M. SEYMOUR AS MARGARET; MISS E. BAIRD AS JANE.



THE WOMAN WHOM THE "WOMAN-AVOIDER" DID NOT AVOID
MISS FAY COMPTON AS RUTH WILSON.

The new musical play at the Apollo Theatre, "The Only Girl," had a very favourable reception, and promises to have a successful run. It is of American origin, though there is little that is American about it in its English form. The book, by Mr. Henry Blossom, has been revised for the English stage by Mr. Fred Thompson. The music, which is attractive and not too obtrusive, is by Mr. Victor Herbert. The plot concerns the matrimonial affairs of four bachelors, three of whom early discover the "only girl" and fall victims. The fourth, a librettist who is a "woman-avoider," holds out for the duration of the play, succumbing at length to a fair composer who occupies

an adjoining flat. Miss Ethel Baird makes a great hit as the gauche "only girl" of one of the bachelors. Miss Fay Compton (formerly of the Follies) makes a charming heroine, while Mr. Kenneth Douglas is excellent as the misogynist-librettist. Miss Mabel Russell, as a leading light of musical comedy, and Mr. Herbert Vyvyan, as a valet, also achieve much success. In the upper photograph (from left to right) are seen Miss Wanda de Baron, Miss Patience Seymour, Miss Kathleen Dawes, Miss Margot Erskine, Miss Dorrie Keppel, and Miss Vera Neville, as chorus girls attendant on Patrice La Montrose.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

DAUGHTER OF AN EARL AND—MOTHER OF A LITTLE SON.



Congratulated Upon the Birth of a Boy:
Lady Herbert Hervey.

Lady Herbert Hervey, who has received many congratulations upon the birth of a son, was well known in Society before her marriage, last year, as Lady Jean Cochrane, second daughter of the twelfth Earl of Dundonald, and sister of Lady Grizel Hamilton, wife of the Master of Belhaven. Lord Herbert Arthur Robert Hervey is the third brother of the Marquess of Bristol, and is in the Diplomatic Service. He has been

Consul at Iquique, Chili, 1892; at Monte Video, 1899; Chargé d'Affaires in Uruguay, 1900; Consul at Guatemala, 1903 (Chargé d'Affaires, 1905 and 1906), in Abyssinia, 1907 (Chargé d'Affaires, 1908-9), and at Bilbao, 1910, and a Commercial Attaché, 1913. Lord and Lady Herbert Hervey live at 6, St. James's Square, S.W., and are very popular in Society.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



BULGARIA'S CAPITAL, TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY : THE COMING OF FERDINAND : AMBITIOUS DREAMS.

Sofia.

There is no city that I know that typifies the receding wave of Mohammedanism in Europe so thoroughly as Sofia does. The big mosque is a ruin, a great mass of discoloured masonry, its doors barred, and weeds growing on its terraces. The baths that the Turkish conquerors built have fared better than the mosque, and one of the tales that appeals to the rough Bulgarian sense of humour is of the greatest earthquake the Balkans have known during the life of the present generation. It coincided with a ladies' day at the Sofia Turkish bath, and the bathers ran into the streets without waiting to do much dressing. That amused Sofia vastly.

Ancient and Modern.

The old, long, low, one-storeyed houses, the typical buildings of all the Slav peoples, stand in the Sofia streets cheek by jowl with new stone houses of several storeys with much carving and handsome balconies; big, broad macadamised roads end suddenly in deep ruts; some exceedingly handsome railings surround a piece of waste ground; rickety little carriages, drawn by skinny ponies whose harness is decorated with beads, and buffalocarts, pull out of the way to let the hooting motor post-carts pass them on the road; and in the brand-new Opera House interminable patriotic plays, the heroes of which are Bulgarian Tsars who fought against the Turks, are more to the taste of the audience than is modern opera.

The Club Chef. I daresay that the new has made much progress in ousting the old in the years that have elapsed since I dined in the club at Sofia, and enjoyed some of the native dishes cooked by a man who knew his business thoroughly. The *chef*, who in those days was a Frenchman, was so undoubtedly the best cook in Sofia that any person of importance who gave a dinner-party always schemed to obtain his services for that evening. Men would say to each other, "Let's go and dine at a restaurant to-night instead of the club. Such-and-such a Minister has an official dinner to-night, and he is sure to have borrowed the club *chef*." The food at the club, even on the *chef's* nights off, was far better than that at any restaurant in Sofia; but the members, three-quarters of whom were British, upheld the clubman's right to grumble.

Wanted—an Avenue.

One of Sofia's great wants was, and no doubt is, a shady drive. The ladies of an afternoon used to drive out a certain number of miles on the Adrianople road and then turn back again. The road runs

over the sun-baked plain, and the only views are of the city on one side, and on the other of the great black mountain—Vitosha is, I think, its name—which dominates everything in the landscape, a great, sinister giant whose perpetual menace must, I think, help to form the sulky character of the Bulgars.

Tsar Ferdinand. To rule this country of sullen peasants came a young, fat Austrian Lieutenant of Foot, a Saxe-Coburg, "clever enough," as a diplomatist once said, "to be a successful stockbroker"—a ruler who spent much money in equipping his army, and then found it very difficult to make his Generals understand that a clever ruler can generally obtain what he wants without fighting. Ferdinand bought his guns from Creusot when the Turks were content with the old pattern Krupps; and, as the Pashas pocketed the money that should have been spent on ammunition, the Turks made a poor showing when Ferdinand thought that his chance had come and launched the army he had been at such pains to equip at the throat of the Turk. Ferdinand and the Bulgars thought that Greece and Serbia had grabbed too large a share of the plunder, and Ferdinand burned his fingers in trying to annex it.

What Ferdinand Wants.

Tsar Ferdinand is a son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; his Queen is a Reuss, and both of them are known to be exceedingly ambitious. Ferdinand's consuming desire is to be a great figure in history, the Emperor of a vast Balkan kingdom; and to achieve this desire he jettisons all the homely virtues of which more humble men are proud.



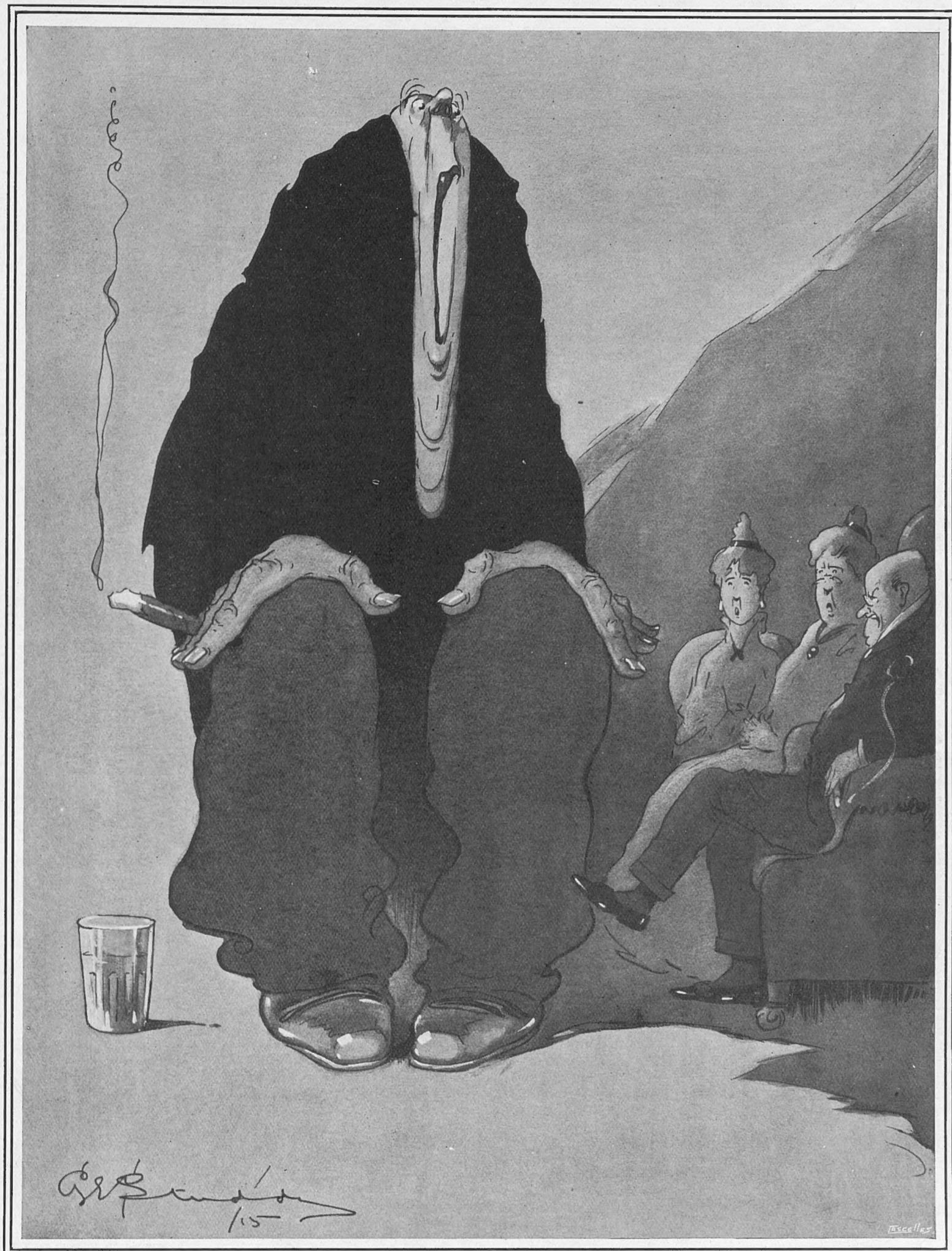
A CHEERING DEMONSTRATION FOR MAIMED SOLDIERS: A GOLFER WITH ARTIFICIAL LEGS.

It is hard to believe, looking at these photographs, that Mr. H. W. Thomas has lost both his legs, yet such is the fact. Thanks to surgical skill and artificial limbs, he can enjoy many forms of sport, and plays a good game of golf. He spends much time demonstrating to soldiers similarly maimed how little they need be handicapped by the loss of limbs.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

SHOWING THAT LOSS OF LEGS NEED NOT MEAN LOSS OF ACTIVITY: MR. H. W. THOMAS GOLFING.

written by Bulgarian authors, will have to be excised from the répertoire of the big theatre, for they all deal with the eternal combat against the Turk. All the heroes in them are Bulgarian warriors, and all the villains are Turkish Sultans and Pashas and Beys.

People who Ought to be Strafed.

III.—THE PESSIMIST WHO TELLS OF IMAGINARY DISASTERS—AND MORE TO COME!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.

SMALL TALK

"THE war permitting" is the new clause on cards of invitation. It fills the gap once occupied by such legends as "Weather permitting," or "Blue Hungarian Band," or "Tango," or "To meet his Excellency Prince Lichnowsky." It appears on the wedding-cards of Lord Kilconnel and Miss Edith Rawlinson, and applies to the proposed reception on the 28th of this month. A reception, after all, is a thing that one wishes to attend or stay away from according to the obituary list in the morning paper or the tone of a Hamilton or French despatch; and the hostess who allows for a variety of moods shows just that sense of proportion which makes entertaining possible at the present day.



TO MARRY THE HON.
ROBERT W. MORGAN-
GRENVILLE: MISS IRENE
HARVEY.

Miss Harvey is the eldest of the three daughters of Sir Robert Grenville Harvey, of Langley Park, Slough, and the Hon. Lady Harvey, daughter of Viscount Elibank. The Hon. Robert William Morgan-Grenville, Rife Brigade, is the son of the late Mr. Luis F. H. C. Morgan and the Baroness Kinloss, who is the daughter of the third, and last, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

The Luck of the Duchess. According to the rules that govern the great and splendid business of nursing, the Duchess of Westminster was at the top of her luck during the great advance. That is to say, she came in for more than her share of work. Long ago she convinced the authorities that she was a person to be counted on whenever big things were afoot, and her wards at home have not kept her from France when to be in France seemed desirable. Not

the least benefit that the Duchess confers on her "cases" is her goodness in communicating at once with relatives at home. Needless to say, she has the knack of saying what is quite extra-

ordinarily the right thing to say in letters over and over again by their recipients in England.

Lady Petre at the War Office.

It was from the Duchess of Westminster that the first news of Lord Petre's wound reached Lady Petre. Then came word that the wound was dangerous, then a call at the War Office for further particulars. While Lady Petre was actually waiting, a message came through to say that her husband was dead. The Inquiry Department at the War Office is necessarily the most depressing of places, and, though nothing can greatly alleviate or aggravate the final blow, it is not the scene that any of her friends would have chosen for the breaking of the bad news.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN E. GATACRE:
MISS IVY MARY VEREKER.

Miss Vereker is the youngest daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Foley C. Prendergast Vereker, R.N., second son of the fourth Viscount Gort, and the Hon. Mrs. Vereker, of Denmuir, Camberley. Captain Edwin Gatacre, of Gatacre, is in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Photograph by Sarony.

"Little Mary Grenfell."

The "little Mary Grenfell" of Sir Hugh Lane's last will and testament is a daughter of the banking family for whom Sir Hugh bought many pictures, and, later, at whose sale his former valuations were put to an exceptionally severe test. He leaves her his "best large pear-shaped pearl"—a familiar object among his treasures at Lindsey House. Sir Hugh's passion for jewellery was only second to his passion for pictures, and it was no uncommon thing for him to produce a precious stone from his waistcoat pocket at the dinner-table and request his neighbour to try it on.

"Little Mary Grenfell" will do honour of the right sort to his favourite pendant.

Finding a Comfortable Home.

The Countess of Drogheda to whom Sir Hugh leaves a picture or a piece of old china is not the Lady Drogheda of the Cubist dining-room, but her mother-in-law.

Although Sir Hugh was very modern in his sympathies, and engaged Augustus John to decorate his hall at Lindsey House, his collection of pictures and china contained very few pieces that would have suited the decorations at No.

40, Wilton Crescent. His friends and affections were many, but when it came to the disposing of his treasures he kept a considerate eye on their future. To have given a Rhodian tile to the care of Mr. Roger Fry or to his associate Post-Imps would have seemed as great a piece of heresy as to have given his pearl to a stockbroker.

Two Cecils in the Field.

Those two new engagements in the Cecil family were announced within a week. For both the war is partly responsible. Even the Rev. Lord William Cecil, whose cloth used to be more characteristic of Cecil interests than khaki, will preside at an entirely military wedding when his son, Captain Victor Cecil, marries the daughter of the late Colonel of the 1st Suffolks; and Lord Cranborne, the future Marquess of Salisbury, was invalidated home from Flanders to make good his conquest of the hand of Miss Betty Cavendish.



MOTHER OF A FUTURE BARONET: LADY DELVES BROUGHTON.

Lady Broughton, who has received many congratulations upon the birth of a son, is the wife of Sir Henry John Delves Broughton, eleventh Baronet, who is a Captain in the Irish Guards, and whose seats are Doddington Park, Nantwich, and Broughton Hall, Staffordshire, and town house in Mount Street, Park Lane. Lady Broughton was, before her marriage, in 1913, Miss Vera Edyth Griffith-Boscawen, daughter of Mr. Boscawen Trevor Griffith-Boscawen, of Trevalyn Hall, Rossett, North Wales.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



WIFE OF A PEER-MUNITION-WORKER: VISCOUNTESS CHARLEMONT.

Lady Charlemont is wife of a Peer who has entered the ranks of the war-workers, and is devoting much time to carrying out his duties at a large munition factory, taking his turn with the other workers in the daily routine. Lady Charlemont was, before her marriage last year, Miss Evelyn Hull, daughter of Mr. Edmund Charles Pendleton Hull, of Earlswood Mount, Redhill.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MISS ALICE MARY EYRE: CAPTAIN VISCOUNT CAMPDEN.

Miss Eyre is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, of 1, Belgrave Place, S.W., and Blakesware, Widford, Herts. Viscount Campden, 5th Gloucestershire Regiment, is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, and in 1913-14 was an Hon. Attaché at Washington, U.S.A.—[Photograph by Fall.]

right thing to that are read again by their recipients in England.

It was from the Duchess of Westmin-

ster that the first news of Lord Petre's wound reached Lady Petre. Then came word that the wound was dangerous, then a call at the War Office for further particulars. While Lady Petre was actually waiting, a message came through to say that her husband was dead. The Inquiry Department at the War Office is necessarily the most depressing of places, and, though nothing can greatly alleviate or aggravate the final blow, it is not the scene that any of her friends would have chosen for the breaking of the bad news.

UN - SOPHIE - STICATED.



MABEL: Dolly dear, who on earth *is* this wretched Sofia?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

LORD DERBY was almost too busy for family history last week, but the coincidence that brought the news of the Greek King's backwardness on the very day that his Lordship accepted his new post was enough to make any Stanley recall one episode of the last century. Lord Derby's great-uncle was offered the throne of Greece. He refused, preferring, as Disraeli says, the substantial comforts of Knowsley to the glittering but precarious joys of the Hellenic kingdom. But how different the fate of the present Earl if the offer had been accepted! He would be leading the Greek Army into battle, with a happy Venizelos at his elbow, instead of facing the problem of the Pink Forms in Whitehall.

"*Crown Derby.*" Outside the family, very few people seem to know about that Grecian offer. But it is recorded clearly enough by Lord Beaconsfield. "The Greeks," he writes, "really want to make my friend Lord Stanley their king. This beats any novel. I think he ought to take the crown, but he will not. Had I his youth, I would not hesitate, even with the Earldom of Derby in the distance!" Stanley refused to "increase his headaches with a crown." Although Dizzy enjoyed feasting on the wild boar of Pentelicus and the honey of Hymettus during a week's stay in Athens, and thought the prospect enchanting, he could not persuade his friend to relinquish the staider glories and safer chops of St. James's Square.

The Seclusion of Stratford Place.

Derby House, by the way, makes no outward sign of its master's new activities. No recruits, mistaking its front door for the door-in-chief to the Front, offer themselves to the obliging staff (obviously ineligible for military service) in Stratford Place. And by some odd chance the recruiting band that used to play within earshot just across Oxford Street was ordered elsewhere, or grew bashful of the new lord and master of all recruiting bands, just when it might most appropriately have serenaded Stanleydom.



TO MARRY MISS BETTY CAVENDISH :
VISCOUNT CRANBORNE.

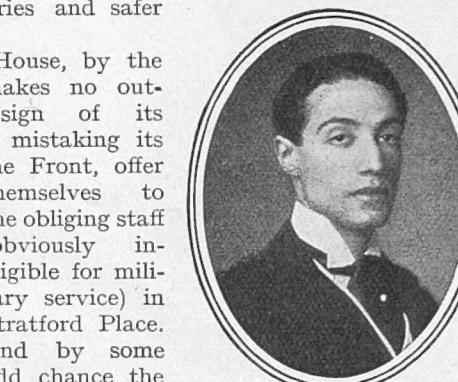
Much interest is taken in the announcement of the engagement of Viscount Cranborne, elder son of the Marquess of Salisbury, to Miss Betty Cavendish, the eldest of the four daughters of Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish. The bride-elect's father is a brother of the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Cranborne, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is twenty-two; his fiancée is eighteen.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



"OFFICIAL DIRECTOR OF RECRUITING"
THE EARL OF DERBY, P.C.

The energy of Lord Derby as an unofficial recruiting officer has long been known, and his diplomacy in forming a battalion of Dockers, putting them in khaki, and himself donning "the only wear" and marching with them, was one of the most original and tactful ideas which the war has produced. Lord Derby is an ideal head of the recruiting movement, and is not bigoted either for or against compulsion, but would advocate it if enough men could not be obtained by voluntary service.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



GAZETTED AN A.D.C. TO
FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN
FRENCH. SECOND LIEU-
TANT SIR PHILIP A. G. D.
SASSOON, Bt.

Sir Philip Sassoon, Lieutenant in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry, who is gazetted an A.D.C. to Sir John French, was born in 1888, and has been Conservative Member for Hythe since June 1912. His town house is 25, Park Lane, and his country seats are Belcaire, Lympne, Kent, and Trent Park, New Barnet, Herts. He is unmarried.—[Photo. by Swaine.]

Lady Randolph Churchill at Rumpelmayr's. Lady Randolph Churchill cultivated a habit of discretion in regard to Winston during his term at the Admiralty; and when somebody at Rumpelmayr's the other day went up to her table and asked her if it were

true that her son's pictures were to be exhibited at the International, she smiled back again with a non-committal exclamation, as if the secret of his canvases were to be guarded as zealously as the secret of the submarines. Then, the inquirer having passed on, she remembered that for once Winston's doings were of no national importance. "Of course he won't exhibit," she added, quite frankly, to her own circle; "he's not so foolish."

Lord Gainsborough's Heir. Viscount Campden, whose engagement to Miss Alice Eyre is an-

nounced, belongs to the flexible family of Noel. One of its members, Mr. Conrad Noel, is a Socialist Church of England man, and holds a living in Essex that came his way through the Socialist Countess of Warwick. Another relative, the Rev. and Hon. Baptiste Noel, left the Established Church because it was too Roman, and became some sort of Congregationalist; Viscount Campden's father, on the other hand, left the English Church because it was not sufficiently Roman, and became a Catholic. Viscount Campden was educated at Downside and Exeter College, Oxford; his career has been in diplomacy, but, despite the picturesque title that awaits him, he returned from Washington without the customary bride. Miss Eyre belongs to Hertfordshire.

A Picture Bride. The Towers-Carstairs wedding at

the Chapel Royal was undisturbed by any eleventh-hour bereavements due to the war, but a death in the family, quite unconnected with the ever-obtruding calamity of the Roll of Honour, made it necessary to cancel the reception at Claridge's at the last moment. The wedding itself was exceptionally pretty—like the bride—and was attended by many Americans, including the Ambassador and Mrs. Page, and (we had almost said) Mr. Henry James. It was the first wedding he had attended in the capacity of brand-new Englishman, with his naturalisation papers still proudly carried in his breast-pocket. Mr. Carstairs has lent the young couple his house in Chesterfield Street for a year, and will himself probably

spend some of that time in America. In Chesterfield Street lives the Orpen portrait of Miss Carstairs which, according to the weavers of romance, first made the young lady known to Lieutenant Towers. He caught its eye on the line at the Academy, and recognised his happy fate.



GAZETTED FLIGHT-COMMANDER :
CAPTAIN ROBERT LORNAINE.

Mr. Robert Loraine, the popular actor, was one of the first members of his profession to give up the stage in order to play his part in the great drama of the war, in the earlier stages of which he was wounded severely. The "Gazette" of Oct. 6 announced "Royal Flying Corps, Military Wing. Flight-Commander Lieut. Robert Loraine, Special Reserve, from a Flying Officer, and to be temporary Captain whilst so employed (Sept. 15)."—[Photo. by Lafayette.]

A GREAT HEROINE: MISS DAVIES, THE BACTERIOLOGIST.



THE LADY WHO INFECTED HERSELF SECRETLY, THAT A TEST MIGHT BE MADE OF A CURE
FOR GAS GANGRENE: MISS MARY DAVIES.

Miss Katherine Mary Gwendoline Davies is the heroic Welsh lady, on the bacteriological staff of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who, with unsurpassable courage, voluntarily infected herself so that a test of an experimental cure for German poison-gas gangrene could be made. She is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Henry Davies, formerly a provincial Governor in India, and has a brother, Colonel H. S. P. Davies, on staff duty in London. Her two sisters are married to officers of the Indian Army—General Louis Tucker, and Colonel Saunders, of the 29th Lancers. Miss Davies, without

informing anyone, infected herself with poisonous liquid identical in composition with the gas, although she knew that animals had been experimented upon and had died. Then she telegraphed to Dr. Taylor, of the American Hospital in Paris, to apply the antidote he had discovered and had yet to test on a "subject." The antidote—a solution of hydrochloride of quinine—happily proved its value, Miss Davies recovering within twenty-four hours. Since then she has been in London on a short holiday. Her name will live as that of a true heroine.—[Photograph by Barnett.]



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD.

LORD CRAWFORD, Premier Earl of Scotland, and head of the Clan Lindsay, has won promotion. He may now be known as Corporal Crawford. Indeed, he much prefers that simple style to any jumbling of hereditary honours with his rank in the R.A.M.C., and his preference is respected in his company. He has won his stripe by strict attention to the regular work of stretcher-bearing and first-aid. Having had no previous training in war, and very little in medicine, and being not at all ambitious to enter a "shooting" regiment, he decided to enlist straightaway as a private in a corps that combines military discipline and duty with the performance of the works of mercy.

The Free Lance. A tall man of useful build, he was accepted as a recruit on his own merits, and sent to the Front some time ago. His territorial and Parliamentary influence—he is equally liked in both Houses, and owns ten thousand Scottish acres—might have made a passable Major of him by now if he had not elected to set to at once with his own hands in a way that is denied to officers. He might, perhaps, have been a Major with leave enough for board meetings at the National Gallery (of which he is a Trustee), and with such time for politics as Lieut.-Colonel Sir F. E. Smith is able to squeeze into the intervals of service in the field. As it is, we may count it doubtful if he has time enough even to give ear to the claims of the inevitable friends and relatives who like to pass their petitions to the authorities—for commissions, transfers, and like favours—through the hands of the head of a great family. To sundry petitioners he may well reply that a Lance-Corporal is without influence.

Of Magdalen Lord Crawford's father, and West-minster, who died two years ago, is remembered as one of the most industrious of astronomers. His telescope was his constant companion. His own father had been excessively short-sighted, so that before his wife began to entertain, for the sake of her children, on a brave scale in Grosvenor Square, he had chosen the life of a recluse: his son, as if to avenge that disability, was for ever searching out the stars, and looking farther and farther afield. He founded the Dunecht Observatory and presented it to the nation, was a great traveller, and the owner of a yacht capable of carrying him over any sea. But to his son (now of the R.A.M.C.) the studious atmosphere of Magdalen and of the Oxford libraries and museums, and afterwards the more debatable advantages of a seat in Parliament, seemed preferable to ocean voyaging.

Scottish Mists. He, like his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather before him, is deeply interested in the pedigree of the Lindsays. The family is growing old in family research. There is something whimsical in the notion that for the last two hundred years it has been writing its own history. How various are the degrees of antiquity! While Bond Street calls a coal-scuttle or back-scratcher of 1740 a "genuine

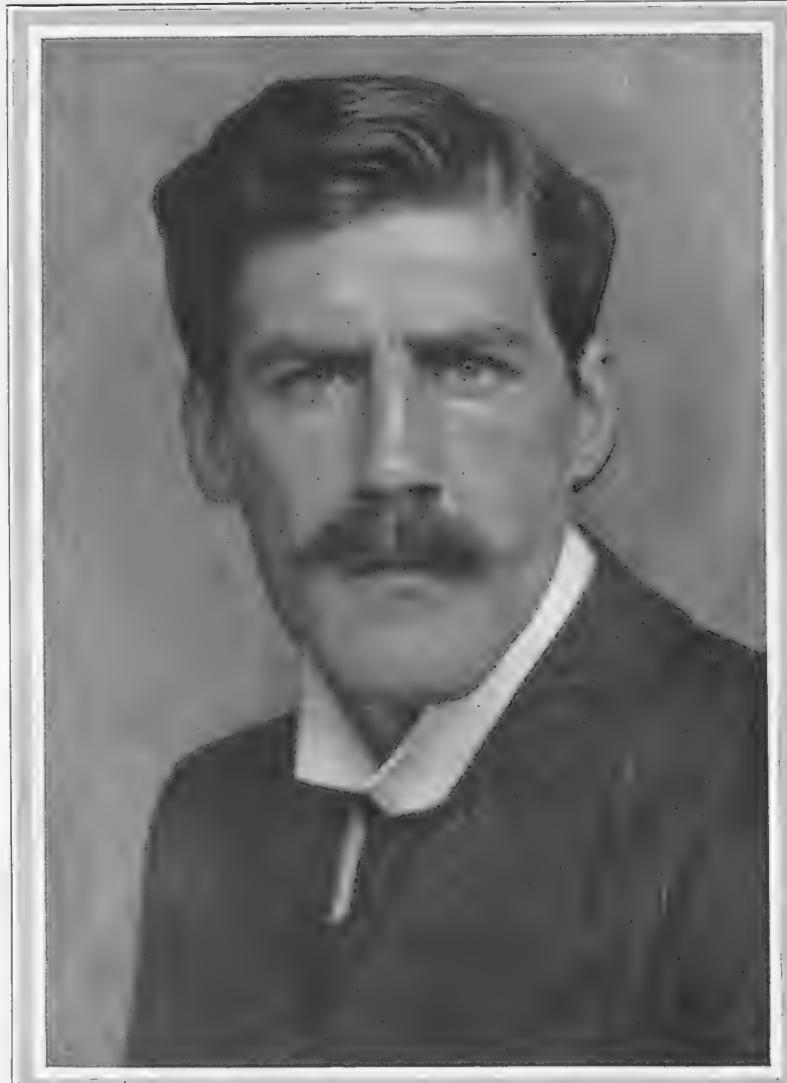
antique," Lord Crawford can regard that period as peculiarly modern, for it was just about then that his colleagues in the business of record-making woke up to the fact that they must get busy if they were to rescue the House from the obscurations of the mists of Time.

The Body-Snatching. The family is old enough to look back on its black sheep with equanimity. In the sixteenth century there was "the wicked Master of Lindsay"; and the twelfth Earl, who alienated the greater part of the Lindsay estates, is known as "the Prodigal." But mines in Lancashire and valuable property in Scotland are sufficient for the needs of the present day, and the Prodigal is forgiven. The only recent wickedness connected with the Lindsays was not of their own contriving. After the death of the present Peer's grandfather they were the victims of certain miscreants who, for the purpose of blackmail or ransom, stole the deceased Earl's body from its resting-place. His widow, in the public interest, heroically refused to satisfy the demands of the criminals.

"Arty." In modern times, at any rate, the spirit of poetry, art, and research, rather than the spirit of adventure that makes up the history of Scotland and the clan, has animated the Lindsays. Lady Anne Lindsay set a fashion among the ladies of the family when she wrote "Auld Robin Gray," a song that never fails to move the true Scot. In the present generation, even when a wife is sought across the Atlantic, she brings more poetry into the fold. The Hon. Ruth Lindsay, Lord Crawford's sister-in-law, has written verse much valued by the younger group; and Mrs. Peto—the beautiful Ruby Peto whose drawings lately came under Mr. Tonks' approving eye at the Slade School—is only one of a whole regiment of Lindsay draughtswomen.

Gallery and Shop. The Duchess of Rutland, herself the maker of many delicate pencil portraits, belongs to the same artistic clan; and Sir Coutts Lindsay was the founder of the Grosvenor—"the greenery gallery, Grosvenor Gallery" of Whistlerian and Gilbertian memories. Another young Lindsay runs a bric-à-brac shop in Wigmore Street, with the half-disguise of "Sindlay" over his door; and Lord Crawford himself is the very active honorary secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

The Countess. The Countess of Crawford is her husband's boon companion in a number of artistic enthusiasms. She has acted as hostess at "International" soirées; and has helped Lord Crawford to pass the proofs of his essays in art-criticism. His "Donatello" expresses the keenest of their admirations: they love nothing so much as the great Italian sculpture of the early Renaissance. Lady Crawford is the daughter of the late Sir Henry Pelly, and a sister of Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley, whose husband was killed at the Front exactly a year ago.



"CORPORAL CRAWFORD": SCOTLAND'S PREMIER EARL IN THE R.A.M.C.

The Earl of Crawford, now at the front as a Lance-Corporal in the Royal Army Medical Corps, is the twenty-seventh holder of the Earldom, tenth Earl of Balcarres, and thirty-fifth Lord Lindsay of Crawford. In the field he insists on being called simply "Corporal Crawford." He was born in 1871, and married, in 1900, Miss Constance Lilian Pelly, daughter of Sir Henry Carstairs Pelly, Bt., M.P.—[Photograph by Beresford.]

AT HOME; AND THE U.S.: PROMOTION; AND AN ENGAGEMENT.



THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF:
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR A. J. MURRAY.

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald James Murray, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., who has taken over the work of Chief of the Imperial General Staff at Army Headquarters, is a most distinguished soldier. He succeeds Lieutenant-General Sir James Wolfe Murray, who occupied the post since October last year. Sir Archibald was born in 1860, and first saw active service in Zululand, in 1888. He also served with distinction in the South African War, where he was severely wounded, mentioned in despatches, won



WIFE OF THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF:
LADY MURRAY.

the D.S.O., was awarded seven clasps to his medals, and was promoted Colonel. When the present war broke out he became Chief of Staff to Sir John French, and was referred to by the Field-Marshal as having "worked day and night unceasingly, with the utmost skill, self-sacrifice, and devotion." Lady Murray is his second wife, and was, before her marriage to Sir Archibald, in 1912, Miss Mildred Georgina Dooner. She is the daughter of Colonel William Toke Dooner, J.P., of Ditton Place, near Maidstone.

Photographs by Swaine.



WITH HIS FUTURE WIFE, MRS. NORMAN GALT, ON HIS RIGHT HAND: PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON AMONG THE "FANS"
AT A BASEBALL MATCH.

The President of the United States, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, is to marry, in December, Mrs. Norman Galt, the widow of a leading Washington jeweller. Dr. Wilson's first wife died rather more than a year ago; and two of his three daughters are married.

Coincidentally with the announcement of his engagement, the President stated that he was a Woman's Suffragist. Mrs. Galt is a Suffragette. The last President to be married at the White House was Grover Cleveland, who was twice President of the United States.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS

TO LONELY SOLDIERS



GIRLS AND GRIEVANCES. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married")

I FEEL like a fool—such a sorry silly too! My dear reader from "Somewhere in Ireland," when I poked fun at your hand-writing, how could I possibly have guessed you had been shot in both arms? It is a glorious handicap, and all the sweeter of you to have written to me—and ten nice long pages too! What are those wonderful leaves you enclose? Not the written leaves—those silvery, plushy things? Did they ever grow on a tree?

"Girls, girls everywhere," say you; "but I give the 'palm' [yes; but you sent me two leaves!] to Dublin. They are jolly, good-complexioned, and, my word, they are good-looking! No cares or troubles there! Sparkling eyes and smiles, lips, teeth, carriage, figure—what a pleasure it must be to know them! To have seen them is an inspiration!"

You do sound enthusiastic! Lucky colleens! But you know that women's beauty is just a question of personal preferences. Some think that no other big city could vie with London as regards the attractiveness of its girls, especially of its shop-girls—those mid-day, sprightly sparrows that fill squares and streets and tea-houses with their gay, alert, chattering swarm every day at luncheon-hour. Listen, rather to Mr. Thomas Burke in his new book, "Nights in Town"—

What romantic charm little London work-girls have, with their short, tossing frocks and tumbling hair. There are no other work-girls in the world to compare with them for sheer witchery of face and character. The New York work-girl is a holy terror. The Parisian *grisette* has a trim figure and a doughy face. The Berlin work-girl knows more about viciousness and looks more like a suet-dumping than anyone else. But though her figure may not be perfect, the London work-girl takes the palm by winsomeness and grace.

Palms again! You and Mr. Burke are quite tropical.

And in "Bric-à-Brac," the lively revue at the Palace, my fair country-woman, Mlle. Gina Palerme, will sing to you every evening that no other woman can compare, in charm and *chic* at least, with "La Pari-si-enne!" And as you look at the *gentille* Gina in, oh! such a ravishing costume of white satin and black fox, with the swishiest little white hat, and the ambitious little white boots (they aspire so high!) trimmed with black fur—well, you are much inclined to agree with her.

But then, on the other hand, the Berlin *Post* will tell you that of all the fair females the Frau is fairest—

The German woman—the noblest, most glorious creation of Providence—must after the war be discouraged from mating herself with the inferior specimens of humanity of foreign countries. They have a higher call: theirs is the destiny to do their part in the rearing of the pattern race of mankind, a glorious race of purest Teuton blood—a race of demi-gods in very fact, and not in fable, as were the old divinities of Olympus. Then the German woman will occupy her predestined place on the throne as queen over all her sisters, the adored from afar by the men of all climes, the mates of the Germans only.

Why, the German women will wonder what has come over their men—they have never been so flattered by them before! As for

the prospective husbands among you, dear readers, you must be brave under the blow. If, after the war, you are denied the happiness of hugging Hans as a pa-in-law, well, do not turn your eyes Olympus-ward in adoring despair, but just fall in love in a human way with a human woman of mere firm flesh and warm blood. And if your sons don't happen to be born demi-gods (there are such disappointments sometimes), failing the demi-gods, they can be gentlemen—quite a good second-best, you know!

I shall be most interested to see the photographs that my South African correspondent is kind enough to send me. I have not received them yet. Where am I to return them?

No, my dear reader, I do not know "the ways of the Press"—indeed, that will show you, until quite lately I used to pin my manuscript together with any pretty little lace-pin that might be handy. Then, after putting up mildly with a pricked thumb for a long time, the victim in charge wrote me: "But why do you want my blood?" I now use paper-fasteners. However ignorant I am about journalism in general, yet I can advise you to "write to the *Times* about it." And perhaps some of my readers will tell you of some other way. In that hope I am quoting part of your letter—

It would be a great help to many of us in South Africa if the department responsible would follow the example of France and issue a medal for the G.S.W.A. Campaign. In the first place, the whole business is settled. There were a very large section of people in the campaign whom it would bind still more closely to the Empire as an outward token of loyalty. Louis Botha will soon require all his adherents, and every man who had a ribbon would recognise more fully what he owes his chief. It would be a reminder to him of the necessity of standing by his General once again. Then there are many who are too old or unable, for various reasons, to take any

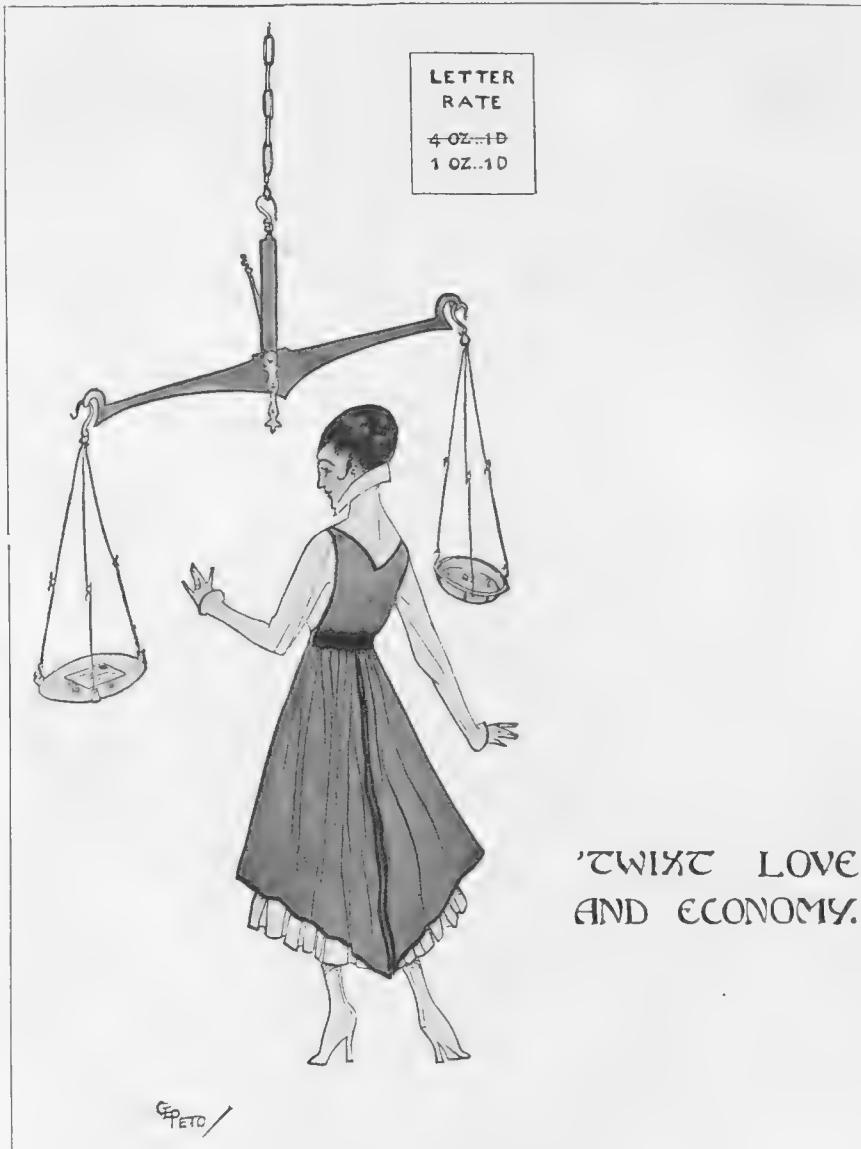
further part in the campaign, but, having done their "bit," would like their token.

South Africa has done much more than most people realise; unfortunately, she does not advertise outside her own borders, and therefore is quite liable to be forgotten.

Since the outbreak of the war last August from 50 to 200 have left weekly for service in the Army—most of them at their own expense. We had 52,000 men in the field in G.S.W.A.; one of our contingents is in England, and another is on its way. Unfortunately, those who come "on their own" are absorbed in widely different units and are credited in recruiting returns to "England"—we get no credit.

There, my friend with the grievance, do you feel a little better now? The pity of it is that I am not sure Lord Kitchener reads my page—that is to say, not regularly, you know, what?—for, though he is a soldier, he has not much time in which to feel lonely.

As for the ribbon, why, it is quite a good idea! On khaki, I should suggest emerald-green or claret colour. Seriously, though, I do agree with you; and, since you hope to see some more fighting before Christmas, here are my very good wishes!

'TWIXT LOVE
AND ECONOMY.

AN OLD JOKE RE-DRESSED.



THE CUSTOMER: Hi, walter! The gorgonzola's eating my bread!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



BY CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Daring Dessous. The coming of autumn has necessarily modified the bizarre note in frock fashion, but it is not to be denied. Driven from this stronghold, it has taken refuge in a second and strong line of entrenchments. In other words, it has pervaded the whole field of what is generically called ladies' underwear, which now exhibits a riot of joyful colour, in defiance of the old tradition that everything comprised in the term lingerie should be white.



"The Prismatic Pyjama — gaily flaunting peonies and dahlias, trees, and even birds on its black surface."

pyjama, not to be gainsaid, persevered on its shameless way. It made a bid for popular support on the ground of health and warmth as an irreproachable flannel garment whose wearer could never be suspect of a desire to display herself unduly in public. Then came the pyjama of delicate hue. In silk and crêpe of palest shade it quickly became a recognised garment for boudoir wear. Bolder spirits adapted it for other purposes. It became the "smoking-suit," and made its appearance at intimate dinner-tables in Mayfair and Belgravia. Next came the prismatic pyjama—the garment of to-day, in fact—gaily flaunting peonies and dahlias, trees, and even birds on its black surface. As an alternative, there is the very striped pyjama, or the very spotted one, or the bold, bad pyjama that strikes by sheer force of colour and audacity of collar.

The Chromatic Chemise. But, as has already been suggested, the pyjama, in its daring bid for originality, does not stand alone. Now, forty years ago the sartorial prophet who ventured to foretell the existence of an emerald-green chiffon chemise, or one of royal-blue, or purple, or tangerine colour, would have been regarded as a candidate for a lunatic asylum. Of course, there did exist the stuff" petticoat with Roman stripes, to say nothing of the red flannel garment—

still beloved of those who scorn the advance of fashion in the realm of lingerie. But petticoats were "different." No one imagined for a moment that long-cloth and calico, fortified by an entanglement of tucks and feather-stitching, would have to give ground to mere

The Prismatic Pyjama.

stripiness and hectic colouring. Ladies' pyjamas, of course—those intended for the other sex have long been chartered libertines in this respect. But with a pyjama intended for women it was a different thing altogether. Mountains of prejudice barred its way to popularity. Its early patrons were at once stigmatised as "not quite nice"; the garments themselves were condemned as indecorous. Though why the pyjama should have been more reprehensible than other bifurcated garments was never clearly explained by those most opposed to its existence. But the

pyjama is the first garment to succumb to weird stripiness and hectic colouring. Ladies' pyjamas, of course—those intended for the other sex have long been chartered libertines in this respect. But with a pyjama intended for women it was a different thing altogether. Mountains of prejudice barred its way to popularity. Its early patrons were at once stigmatised as "not quite nice"; the garments themselves were condemned as indecorous. Though why the pyjama should have been more reprehensible than other bifurcated garments was never clearly explained by those most opposed to its existence. But the

chiffon. But woman's fondness for colour is proverbial. Denied it in her frocks, she demands it elsewhere, and just now is lavishing her love for dainty clothes on "sets"—nightdress, chemise, knickers, petticoat, complete—bright and beautiful, if a little upsetting to preconceived notions on women's underclothes. The subdued shades, so pronounced in frocks, find no place in what are intended to be worn underneath them.

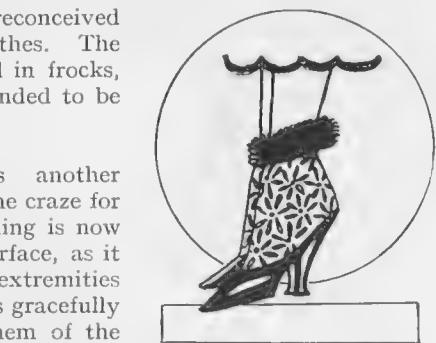
Fur and Futurism.

There is another point. The craze for fur trimming is now no longer restricted to the surface, as it were. Fur now adorns the extremities of the latest knickers, and curls gracefully round the neck, sleeves, and hem of the newest nightie. No tucks ruffle their surface, no insertion intrudes on the expanse of colour, buttons are not. The nightdress up to date is a simple one-piece affair, which slips on over the head and possesses the briefest of sleeves. It may be outlined with beaver or marten. Ermine, of course, is pure "swank," and sable reckless extravagance. But now that Mr. McKenna has dipped generously into the household exchequer, some effect a compromise between economy and fashion by the use of marabout instead of fur. It seems almost superfluous to add that for boudoir wear the colour symphony is completed by a tea or rest gown to harmonise with the tint selected.

The Seductive Stripe.

There remains the stripe. It held us in its sinuous embrace all the summer, and—out of sight—it holds us still. For the knicker, the "pettie," the "nightie," and the "chemmy" have all yielded to its seduction, so that those who prefer colour in streaks rather than *en masse* can indulge their feeling for

green stripes or pink stripes, blue stripes or yellow stripes, at will. With these a little lace is permitted, and a few bits of ribbon are not amiss.



Touches that tell—boudoir shoes of gold brocade with velvet feet and a tiny band of fur above the ankle.



Touches that tell—a fur-trimmed boudoir cap of muslin with a bunch of tiny coloured flowers at the side.



"Underwear now exhibits a riot of joyful colour, and fur curls gracefully round the neck, sleeves, and hem of the newest 'nightie.'"

the general colour-scheme. But it is impossible in mere words to convey an adequate sense of the possibilities of all these ideas; Dolores' sketches will show exactly how the effects described are obtained.

Touches that Tell. The woman with a sense of dress never neglects details, even those which seem comparatively unimportant. The "all-of-one-colour" idea which governs the choice of a frock applies also to her more intimate garments, and since the boudoir toilette is incomplete without shoes, stockings, and cap, it follows that all these fall in with

WAR-WORK: SELLING SOUVENIRS AND VISITING WOUNDED.



SELLING ITALIAN COLOURS ON ITALY'S DAY: VISCOUNTESS ACHESON
AND MRS. GERARD LEIGH.



IN ALPINE HAT AND "VIVANDIÈRE" COSTUME: A SELLER OF FLAGS
ON ITALY'S DAY DECORATING A SAILOR.



IN BERSAGLIERI HAT, MILITARY TUNIC, AND ITALIAN-FLAG SKIRT:
SOUVENIR-SELLERS ON ITALY'S DAY IN LONDON.



IN A SCOTTISH SOLDIER'S BONNET: MISS LYDIA KYASHT, THE FAMOUS
DANCER, AMONG WOUNDED IN A MANCHESTER HOSPITAL.

Here are illustrated two forms of war-work very popular among ladies — visiting the wounded in hospital and selling flags or other souvenirs for funds benefiting our Allies. Miss Kyasht is, of course, a familiar figure to readers of "The Sketch," who remember her with so much pleasure at the Empire and elsewhere. With regard to our other photographs, it may be noted that a number of the sellers of souvenirs on

Italy's day wore Italian costume—of the present time or of earlier days, or "fancy." Viscountess Acheson, who appears in one of our photographs, is the wife of the Earl of Gosford's elder son and heir, who has been fighting in the Great War, and was wounded. Her marriage took place four years ago. She is the daughter of Mr. J. Ridgely Carter, United States Minister to the Balkans.



UNCLE HENRY.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

"**I**F he don't come soon," said Mrs. Jobson viciously, "I'll warm him."

She polished a plate energetically. It was not that the plate needed polishing, for Mrs. Jobson's plates were polished in the morning, and it was now afternoon. But the action of polishing, calling for vigorous use of the arms, relieved her feelings. Her eyes were slightly narrowed, her hair tightly done up in a "bun" at the back of her head, her whole appearance that of one who feels it more blessed to be of use than of ornament. "The worrit men are!" she said.

She looked again about the room to make sure that everything was in order. Its aspect of homely comfort might have delighted any woman's heart—and any man's. Yet there was her husband, who had been despatched to the station to meet her Uncle Henry, just arrived from Australia, who had had strict orders to bring him on at once; and it was now a good three-quarters of an hour since the advertised time of the train's arrival, and it was no more than a ten minutes' walk from the station. Mrs. Jobson visualised that walk, and visualised also the bar of the "Blue Anchor" half-way along it, and her lips tightened. "Drat the men!" she said.

The door opened and Mr. Jobson looked in. He was a small man with a subdued expression, due to years of matrimony. Just at the moment, however, there was an unseemly twinkle in his eye, which his wife felt to be doubly improper under the circumstances. She looked at him suspiciously.

"Joe," she said sharply, "where's Uncle Henry?"

Mr. Jobson's twinkle broadened.

"Ahem, my dear," he said mildly, "he's outside."

"Outside!" exclaimed his spouse with pardonable indignation. "Then bring him in at once."

"I thought I'd better prepare you a little, my dear," said Mr. Jobson, coughing behind his hand. "He's—er—just a little fresh."

"Fresh!" said Mrs. Jobson indignantly. "Do you mean that he's drunk?"

"Well—er—yes," admitted Jobson. "Yes, I should call him drunk. Er—moderately drunk."

Now for many years Mrs. Jobson had been in the habit of holding up her Uncle Henry as a pattern of manly conduct which her husband would do well to follow. She felt that the fates were dealing hardly with her.

"Then you've been and made him so," she cried. "You've taken him into the 'Blue Anchor'—and after I told you to come straight home! Oh, you wretch!"

"My dear," answered Mr. Jobson apprehensively, "I had nothing to do with it. He was drunk when he arrived. I had the greatest trouble in getting him out of the train. I did—er—take him into the 'Blue Anchor'—just to get him a glass of soda-water, hoping that it would do him good. But he would have brandy. And he made such a fuss about it that, sooner than have trouble, they gave it to him. That wasn't my fault. Shall I bring him in?"

"Of course!" exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, glad to take refuge in action. "Are you going to leave him out all night—after making him drunk, too? Poor Uncle Henry! He was always more sinned against than sinning."

Mr. Jobson had the sense to make no reply. He disappeared, and in a moment or two returned with a man even smaller than himself, clad in a suit of dusty black, and crowned with a tall hat which had had the respectability of a halo in the morning, but was now as disreputable as its wearer. The newcomer gyrated

violently on his own axis near the doorway, recovered himself with an effort, and smiled vacuously at his niece.

"Hullo, 'Melia!" he remarked. "Gladtersheeyer."

"Uncle Henry!" cried his niece. "You know my name's Sarah. Poor Amelia died four years ago."

"So she did," assented Uncle Henry cheerfully. "Stupid of her."

"And I had the trouble of getting tea!" said Mrs. Jobson tearfully. "You'd better get him to bed. I'll never forgive you for this, Joe."

The unhappy Mr. Jobson proceeded to carry out his wife's instructions. It was a matter of some difficulty. It seemed that the very last thought in Uncle Henry's mind was going to bed. He said as much. He said also that he was jolly companions every one, that he wouldn't go home till morning, and that a book of verses un'nerneath the bough together with the company of his niece would make the present wilderness in which he moved a paradise. This last remark being altogether beyond Mrs. Jobson's comprehension, she snorted violently and remarked that the paradise he was likely to get would be a surprise to him. It was a relief to her when her husband succeeded in getting him upstairs, and came down to report that he was, though not wholly undressed, sleeping soundly.

"I took his boots off, my dear," said Mr. Jobson. "I thought it better."

"Oh, yes," answered his wife angrily. "And it'd have been better if you had kept him out of temptation. If it hadn't been for you and your 'Blue Anchor' the poor man would have been able to take them off himself. You and your glass of soda-water!"

Mr. Jobson knew better than to reply. He ate his tea in silence, and, when the meal was finished, announced his intention of going down to the harbour to see a man about a boat. His wife, busy clearing away, said tartly that as she had her work to do he was best out of the way; but he was to be sure to be home early and not to have any more to drink. He promised both, and almost kept both promises. And both promises got him into trouble on his return.

On the following morning Uncle Henry came down to breakfast looking a little the worse for his experiences. He at first assumed a jaunty air, but this faded rapidly under the accusing eye of his niece. He glanced from her to her husband (who was himself looking a trifle chastened), and inspiration seized him.

"Joe," he said, "I wouldn't have thought it of you. I daresay you meant it kindly, and I make all allowances. But you ought to have remembered that I wasn't used to strong liquors. You ought to have taken me at my word when I told you I was a teetotaler. It's no real kindness to force drink on a man that ain't used to taking it."

The unfortunate Mr. Jobson opened his mouth, but no words came. His wife looked at him accusingly. Uncle Henry cheered up visibly.

"But there," he said, "a man that's used to drink like you are can't understand the feelings of a man that never takes it. You meant it for the best, so we'll say no more about it."

"But I'll say more about it," said Mrs. Jobson angrily. "You wait till I get you alone, Joe. Sit down, Uncle Henry, and have your breakfast."

Uncle Henry eyed the meal with distaste, and remarked that he was not hungry. Being persuaded, he nibbled a little and drank

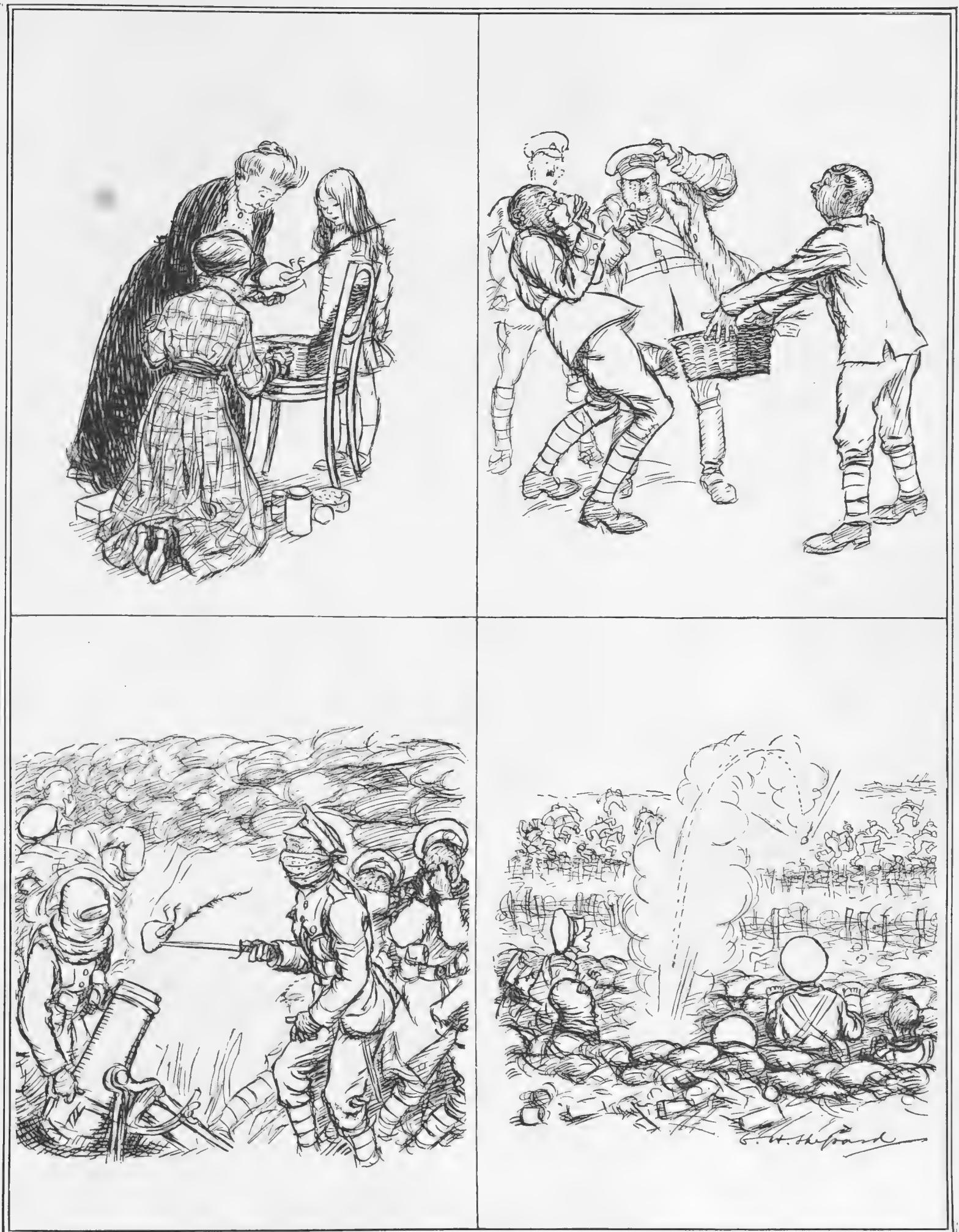
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OCT. 13, 1915

THE SKETCH.

39

" HIGH " EXPLOSIVE.



GIVING THE GERMANS THE BIRD : A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SHELL LACHRYMATOR AND THE BOMB MALODOROUS—
A PHEASANT FROM HOME.

DRAWN BY E. H. SHEPARD.

some tea, looking reproachfully at Joe when he thought his niece was looking, and indulging in various fantastic winks when he thought she wasn't. He remarked too, by way of propitiation, that he had made a tidy bit in Australia, that he didn't propose to go back there, and that he thought of looking out for a little house somewhere where he could be near his relatives. He supposed that it would not be difficult to get some respectable woman to look after it for him.

"Why not come to us, Uncle?" said Mrs. Jobson eagerly. "I'm sure I'd do my best to make you comfortable; and I'd see that Joe didn't lead you astray again."

Uncle Henry, seeing that Joe was opening his mouth again, hastened to express the opinion that it was a good idea.

"And you shan't lose by it," he said. "The old man can't last for ever. And there'll be pickings—there'll be pickings!"

After breakfast he strolled out into the street, and, leaning on the low wall opposite, looked down the hill to the harbour and the sea. In a little time he became aware of Joe standing beside him. He hastened to break the ice.

"You'd hardly think it, Joe," he said, "but I've a head like a battered tin-tack."

But Joe was too far gone in anger for propitiation. "Look here," he answered, "what did you go saying that it was me that made you drunk yesterday for? It wasn't me—and well you know it."

"I did it on principle, Joe," replied Uncle Henry slowly and thoughtfully. "On principle."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jobson blankly. "What principle?"

"On a principle I've acted on all my life," answered Uncle Henry. "You see, Joe, if I hadn't put the blame on you I should have got into trouble; whereas, things being as they are, it's you that gets into trouble."

"That's your principle, is it?" answered his nephew-in-law angrily. "And do you think I'm going to stand it?"

"Yes, I think so, Joe," answered Uncle Henry softly; "I think so. You see, I'm growing old, and a quiet life is the thing for me. I've got to have it. Now, 'Melia ain't the one to let you have a quiet life. I can see that. Not if she can help it. But you, Joe, you're a young man—fairly young, at any rate—and you're used to 'Melia. One more rowing or one less ain't going to make any difference to you. You've got to act as a lightning-conductor, Joe. And you'll find it worth it. The old man won't be ungrateful. There'll be pickings, Joe—there'll be pickings."

"I see," said Joe thoughtfully. "And I don't mind saying I wouldn't mind picking a bit now."

"Not till I'm dead," answered Uncle Henry firmly. "That'll be your time, Joe. It's one comfort, it can't be long now. I'm growing an old man, Joe—an old man."

For a while Mr. Jobson regarded with a troubled eye the prospect before him. His mental eye was similarly engaged. Uncle Henry watched the conflict.

"It's just a question whether the money's to be left to you or to 'Melia," he said softly. "Seeing as you're husband and wife, it shouldn't much matter. But it's for you to say."

"All right," said Mr. Jobson, making up his mind. "I'll stand this racket. But no more of it, mind you. I likes a glass or two of ale as well as any man. But I'm not going to get misnamed for the sort of thing you were up to yesterday."

"My boy," answered Uncle Henry tenderly, "trust me. Mind my words, you trust me—you'll never regret it."

The prophecy was not altogether accurate. Even as early as lunch-time Joe was inclined to regret it, when Uncle Henry took it upon himself to deliver a long lecture on the evils of intemperance, taking his nephew-in-law as the horrible example. "Here am I," he said, almost with tears in his voice, "I may say, a lifelong teetotaler—or very near it; and owing to you, Joe, I gets into the state you saw me in. And, mind you, all the time you meant no harm. I'm not saying you meant any harm. It was all in the way of kindness—I know that. But you ought to have thought a bit."

"Ay, that he ought," said Mrs. Jobson, greatly impressed, "that he ought. And I'm sure he's thankful to you, Uncle, for what you've said. I've told him myself heaps and heaps of times. But now that you've said it, perhaps he'll take notice."

"I'm sure I hope he will," answered Uncle Henry piously. "And not go leading me astray again. I'm all right when I'm left alone. But I'm easily led, 'Melia—I admit, I'm easily led. And if so be I should fall, you'll know whose fault it is."

It was on the fourth day after this conversation that Uncle Henry fell again, and with great violence. He came home in the evening, proclaiming that he was one of the boys, that Champagne Charlie was his name, that he was for a rare old, fair old spree, and that he drank for he knew not why he went nor where—and that personally he didn't care. He said also that Joe, too, was another of the boys, that he had asked him into the "Blue Anchor" for a "tiddly," and that he wouldn't have thought it of him. It was in vain that Joe protested that he had found the old gentleman in the "Blue Anchor," that he himself had had only one glass, and that he had with great exertion and the help of the barman got his uncle off the premises. Mrs. Jobson would have none of it.

She told him what she thought of him; and though she said she didn't think much, she took a long time in telling it.

These lapses occurred at intervals, and on each occasion Joe received a lecture of increasing severity. After the fifth, he could stand it no longer. That evening ten o'clock came and no Joe. Uncle Henry, who was feeling a trifle sorry for himself, and was, in consequence, making an early night of it, animadverted upon his nephew's absence, and shook his head sadly, remarking that when 'Melia got his money she would have to be careful not to allow Joe too much of it, lest he should do himself an injury. Mrs. Jobson said nothing, but, with tightened lips, looked at the clock. A knock at the door startled them. "There he is," said Uncle Henry. "Now, 'Melia, don't spare him on my account."

"You leave that to me," answered Mrs. Jobson, with a toss of her head. She threw open the door.

But Joe was not there. In his place, Mrs. Price, the next-door neighbour, put her head in and presented a note. "Your husband gave me this for you," she said, "and if I didn't go and forget it till this minute! I've been that worried about baby."

Mrs. Jobson took the letter and watched her depart. Then she opened it.

"DEAR 'MELIA,'" it ran—"I can't do nothing right, and I'd as soon be blown up one way as another. So I've gone on a mine-sweeper—Your loving JOE."

Mrs. Jobson gave a shriek, and, falling into a chair, drummed her heels frantically on the floor. She openly lamented the best of husbands, and declared that he would never have left home had he not been driven away by some that were not fit to black his boots. Uncle Henry, looking a trifle uncomfortable, declared that he would go out to seek his nephew, and left the house with the apparent design of searching the North Sea for him. He returned after a time to report his failure, but to promise that he would renew his investigations on the following day. His niece was a trifle calmer, and accepted his assurances without comment. Nevertheless, he was still uneasy, and was glad to reach the shelter of his own bedroom.

At breakfast on the following day he took occasion to observe that Joe would return from sea a wiser man, that it was the duty of everyone to serve their country, that an Englishman oughtn't to be afraid of a bit of danger, and that only his age had prevented him from doing what Joe had done some time ago. He spoke also with feeling on the subject of his advancing years and of the pickings of which he had spoken previously; and he hinted that he might even present Joe on his return with something handsome on account as a reward for gallantry. To all this Mrs. Jobson listened in ominous silence, and, feeling more uncomfortable than ever, the old gentleman finished his breakfast and rose, declaring his intention of going out and searching further. Unfortunately, his investigations led him to the "Blue Anchor," and he returned late in the afternoon, assisted by a grinning policeman, announcing that he was an old man, a mosh respekerble old man, that he had never been in the hands of the police before, that 'Melia had brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, that it was sharper than a serpent's child to have a thankless tooth, and that his niece was to give the policeman a drink. Mrs. Jobson waited until he had finished babbling, and then spoke.

"Take him away!" she said. "I don't want him here. I give him in charge. Take him away and lose him!"

"'Melia!" murmured Uncle Henry brokenly.

"Take him away, policeman!" repeated Mrs. Jobson sternly. "He's lost me the best man that ever a woman had—driven him away, and now he'll get blown up by one of them nasty German mines." Feeling uncomfortably like tears, she stamped her foot violently. "Take him away, I say," she repeated; "I never want to see the horrid old man again!"

"Pickings, 'Melia, pickings," murmured Uncle Henry despairingly.

But his niece was adamant. The policeman touched him on the shoulder. "Now then," he said, "are you coming quietly or are you not?"

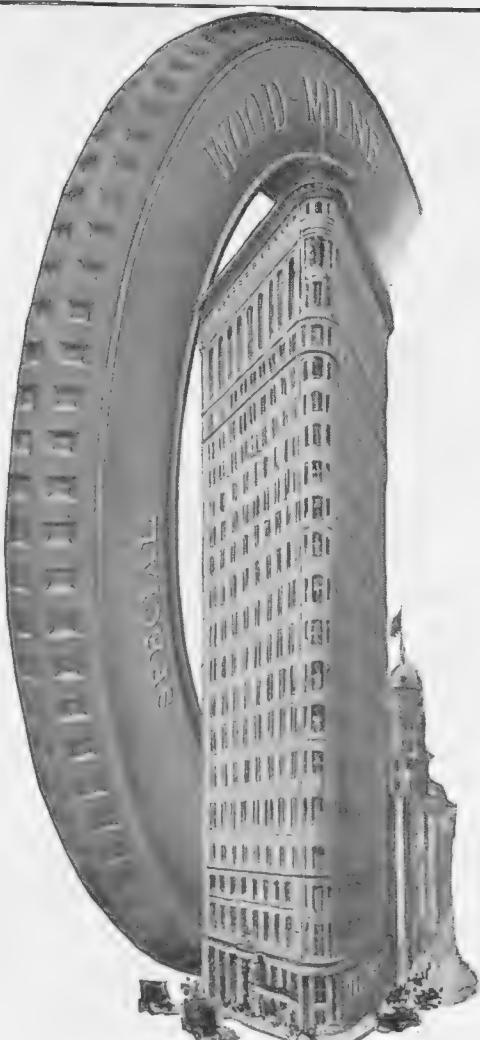
Uncle Henry, being pot-valiant, dared him to do his worst. By the time he reached the police-station Uncle Henry was sorry. Before the magistrate next morning it transpired that, so far from there being any pickings, he had not enough money to pay his fine; and, after a vain attempt to get it from his niece, he went to gaol for seven days. Mrs. Jobson, having found out the boat on which her husband was serving, wrote a frantic letter, stating what had happened and imploring him to return. In due course she received an answer.

"DEAR OLD GIRL," it ran—"I don't deny that I took to this job for a quiet life; but there's more in it than that. And I'm coming home when there ain't any more mines to sweep. Not before.—Your loving JOE."

And Mrs. Jobson, as she read and re-read the letter slowly, realised that the husband that she had known and vaguely despised would never return to her. Another man whom she must learn to know would come in his place.

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WOMAN'S WAYS

Flag-Day
Triumphant.

Many are the devices we employ to extract money for wounded Allies out of long-suffering British pockets. Some of us, when organising these orgies of charity, pin our faith to the young and pretty, or to the subtly alluring, and send them out with trays and boxes to catch the passer-by, willing or unwilling. And it is not only the very young and the glaringly lovely who are the most successful beggars. A beautiful, emotional voice will rake in half-crowns when the merely pert will receive only pennies. Strongly attractive personalities throw out a kind of aura which draws in the benevolent like a magnet. Yet all these feminine allurements are feeble compared to the appeal of the wounded soldier. At a local flag-day in a small town in Hampshire we achieved dazzling results by sending out twenty-odd convalescents in blue, with Service caps and khaki overcoats, to sell flags for wounded Allies. They left the house, delirious with excitement, in a motor-brake and two motor-cars decorated with a skill which would have done credit to a battle of flowers at Cannes, with the addition of the Allies' flags. Arrived in the market-place, in the shadow of the historic Abbey, their success was immediate and triumphant. Who was there base or parsimonious enough to refuse to buy a flag from these stalwart wounded Britons? They were the heroes of the day; good-will flowed like a running stream, and some of our married patients were even a trifle embarrassed by the endearments of the local Fair. But all ended harmoniously, with a substantial sum for the wounded, and much elation on the return.

Realistic
War-Stories.

The sentimental war-story as we used to know it has disappeared, like the fancy war-picture in which dapper, clean-shaven heroes advance to the attack as on parade, though they have been entrenched for a week in close underground holes. Such absurd versions of modern warfare no longer delight us, or even impose upon us; and equally we do not want stories which might have been written during the Crimean Campaign, having an atmosphere of long whiskers and mid-Victorian sentiment. It is certain that we shall have a revulsion in favour of the "realistic" war-story—and, indeed, one has already read several which haunt the imagination with their gruesomeness. Perhaps there are writers who—like the Goncourts in France during the 1870 war—are collecting such data. Zola made great use of such stories in his novel, "La Débâcle." Up to now, the best war-story is easily Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "England, My England," in the current *English Review*, in which we are shown a well-born slacker who joins the Army and finds that love of country far surpasses that of wife or children. He dies, hacked at and mutilated by a

German brute as he lies mortally wounded, terrifying his assailant with his "clear, abstract look, and his slight smile, faint, but so terrible in its suggestion that the German was mad." But our wounded "slacker," before he passed on, accounted for three Boches with his revolver.

**Thou Shalt Not
Marry the
Female Boche.**

The female Boches, it appears, will not be suffered to marry with men of other nations after the war; they are wanted for the purpose of producing "a race of demi-gods." A Berlin paper pre-



A RED CROSS NURSE: MISS VERA ARKWRIGHT.

Miss Arkwright has been nursing at the hospital at Neuilly since September of last year, attached to the surgical-operation room. She has just come home for six days—her first leave since the war began.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]

dicts that the German woman will be "queen over all her sisters," and will be "adored from afar by men of all climes, the mate of the Germans only." Up to now, it is true, the "men of all climes" have been apt to regard her not so much as a queen as a scullion. Men marry Americans, Frenchwomen, Italians, even Peruvians, but they do not marry Germans, who are possibly the least attractive of feminine persons to Western Europeans.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Thought-Following. Mr. Alfred Capper does not claim occult powers. He cannot tell inquirers, even, how it is done. "I have to confess frankly," he writes, "that after all these years of experience I am as much in the dark as to the 'how' and the 'why' and the 'wherefore' as they are themselves, and I am still more unable to give any reason concerning this peculiar gift of thought-reading. . . . All that I know is that I have the power of so adapting or subjecting my mind to the wills of other people that it becomes as a highly sensitised photographic plate, recording every volition of the other person's will in a perfectly mysterious manner." On the same subject he says later: "It requires a medium with exceptionally strong will-power to make it a success at all. It will easily be understood, therefore, that the thought-reader has to depend even more upon the mind of his subject than upon his own." Again: "It is only under certain circumstances, and accompanied by certain conditions, that when an article has been hidden or a certain object has been fixed upon, I am enabled, through the help of any casual medium, chosen haphazard often from an audience of strangers, to discover and reveal the hidden article. I cannot read people's thoughts any more than you can, and I am jolly glad of it—a most uncanny and uncomfortable gift, and one I have no desire to possess or intention of acquiring."

**A Fight with
Jellicoe.** His gift is valuable, for

all that, one that has brought Mr. Capper literally into touch with very many distinguished persons, and given him the material for an exceptionally interesting autobiography. In the matter of celebrities, he began well—better than he knew. "Between the years of nine and twelve I was a weekly boarder at a small dame's school, where I was a school-fellow of Sir John Jellicoe; and one of the most vivid, as it is assuredly one of the most painful, memories of my life is the awful fight I had with the future Admiral, who had accused me of unfairly possessing myself of certain very favourite marbles. From this fight I was rescued in the very nick of time. . . . I remember well that Jack Jellicoe and I had to stand back-to-back in opposite corners of the schoolroom, with strict injunctions not to turn our heads towards one another."

The "Murder" of Princess Ena. In his thought-following, Mr. Capper has had numerous curious experiences; that goes almost without the saying. Here is one case of the many. It was in Windsor Castle, in Queen Victoria's day: "Later on in the evening, Lady Bigge 'murdered' little Princess Ena of Battenberg (now the Queen of Spain), dragging her by her long hair to the grand piano in the beautiful red drawing-room, beneath which she cast the body. I managed successfully, by Lady Bigge's thinking, to do the murder all over again." For those who have not seen Mr. Capper, it must be explained that such a scene is enacted—or an article is hidden—while he is out of the room. The preliminaries having been performed, he enters blindfold, is taken in hand by the medium, who concentrates his (or her) thoughts on the object to be attained, and, following the medium's thoughts, leads the way to the hidden thing or reconstructs the arranged scene. Isn't it wonderful?—as Bertram used to say.

What Mr. Capper Kills. This by way of introduction to a book that is evidently fascinating—full of memories of royalties and famous commoners. Mr. Capper does not—as one of his posters in India was made to say, thanks to its being pasted over an old bill—kill "All Beetles, Bugs, Fleas, Mosquitoes, Cockroaches, and every form of Noxious Vermin"; but, assuredly, he does kill *ennui*.

"A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections." By Alfred Capper. (George Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d. net.)



THE CHIEF OF A TRIO: PRINCESS IWA,
THE MAORI CONTRALTO.

Princess Iwa has gone on to the music-hall stage, where she is presenting a capital turn under the title, "Princess Iwa's Trio." Associated with her is Miss Ann Godfrey, a talented English violinist.

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be not many pennies to the good. Chancellors of the Exchequer may be excused for stepping into milliner's pitfalls when they have no wives to consult; but, though petticoat government is not popular, expert opinion can always be consulted. Mrs. McKenna is a wearer of neat and natty hats; doubtless, however, she knows the ins-and-outs of the costly and imposing headgear of *les autres*.

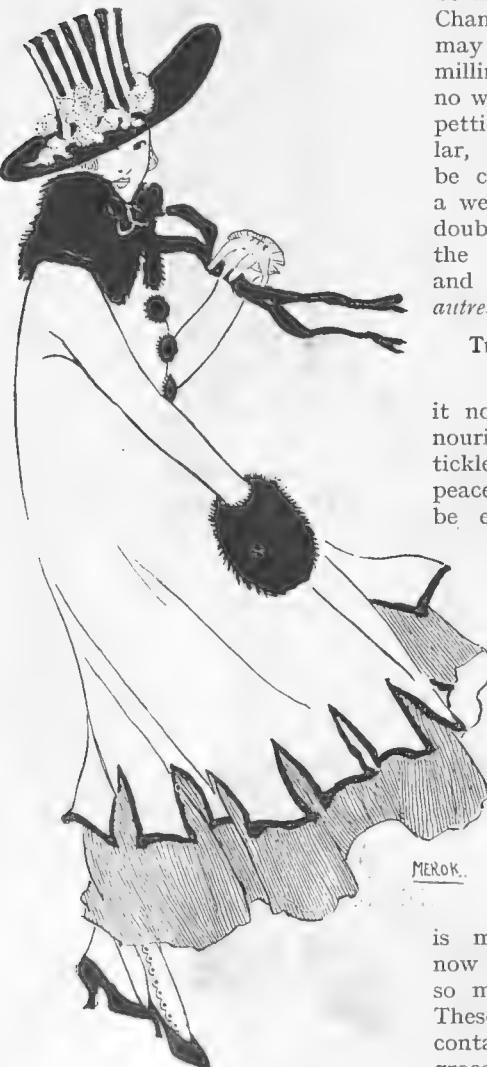
Turtle-Soup in War-Time. It looks a wicked position, does it not? Yet invalids must be nourished, and palates must be tickled more in war-time than in peace. After all, turtle-soup can be enjoyed quite economically, thanks to Freeman, of Table Delicacy fame. A box containing six tablets of the pure meat of selected West Indian turtles, compressed so that one tablet is a sufficiency for one person, is sold for 1s. It possesses all the well-known nourishing qualities of fresh turtle-soup, as well as the characteristic flavour. The innovation of giving for 1s. what should cost 6s. is much appreciated, especially now that things of this kind are so much wanted at the Front. These tablets are sold in cartons containing six, for 1s., by all good grocers, or can be obtained direct from the Watford Manufacturing Company, Victoria Works, Watford.

New Neck-Fashions. Germany, I hear, claims the V-necked bodice as her own, and says it was an age-old mode in Germany—one quite believes they like them like that—and was seized by Paris and London. Now Paris and London will seize other things, and leave Germany her open necks: as a matter of convenience for the bestowal of generous chins, it will suit the Fraus and Fräuleins. As for us, it was quite enough for Germany to claim their open V to send us off in the opposite direction, and our necks are to be closely swathed and our collars as high as the neck will admit. Swanlike but stiff is what the last word from the place where fashion is made, somewhere in London and Paris, advises. Now this is a fashion which has the merit that it will not be followed in Germany: first of all, it is not age-old; and then the Fraus and Fräuleins don't grow necks of that kind.

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An original model for a winter coat made of cream cloth with skunk collar and buttons; the hem of the coat is scalloped out with nigger-coloured velvet.

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chemists in an up-to-date laboratory equipped with the latest machinery. Children love Ficolax, and we all like it.

The Modern Moses.

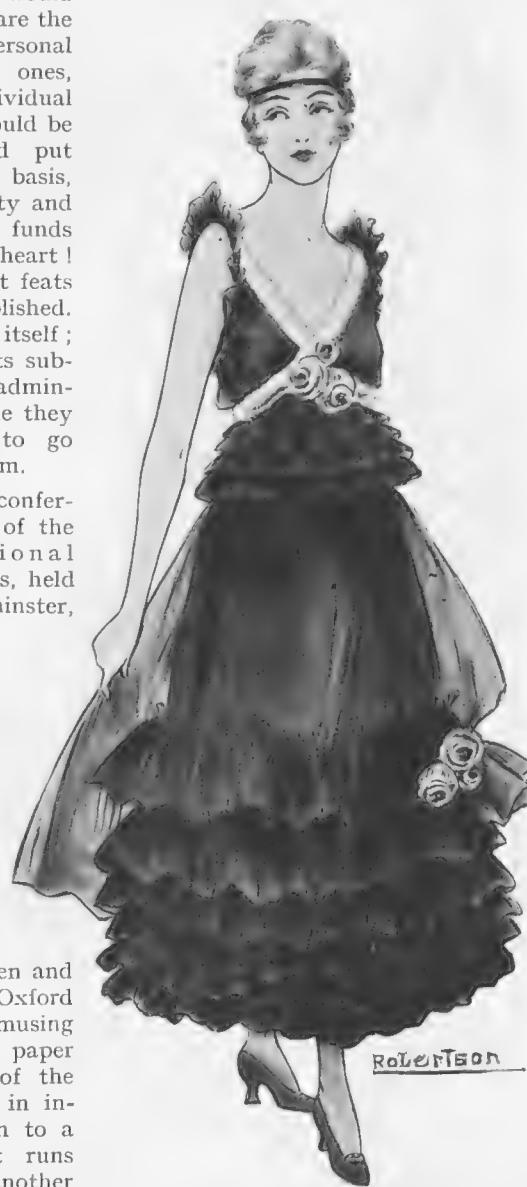
Sir Edward Ward has wisely been chosen as the head of the War Office department for the organisation of voluntary work for war relief. He has been called the finest administrator since Moses, but his is the harder task: the Children of Israel were difficult to manage, but the modern woman could give them points and beat them. The need for organisation, superintendence, and centralisation is crying. One society for this, another for that, multiplied by hundreds, leaves room for much that is far from desirable. A scheme for helping people with positions to keep up who have been hard hit by the war attracted a lady who thought she might get advice or propose something mutually beneficial to the scheme and to herself. She paid her fare to the much-advertised headquarters, screwed up her courage to an interview, and was received by a soiled little boy who said she could wait; tired of this occupation, she addressed a hatless girl in a corridor, who asked her what she wanted. She said, "I wish to see the secretary." "Oh, they have no time for you if you have no appointment," was the courteous retort. This treatment from a society appealing for funds to help gentle-people calls for some superintendence. At Buckingham Palace no such unsympathetic reception would be accorded. Then there are the people who have small personal schemes, others with big ones, others working on individual ideas—how splendid it would be if the War Office could put them all on one business basis, and ensure at least civility and a proper expenditure of funds given out of goodness of heart! It will be one of the finest feasts of war-time if it is accomplished. The public is generosity itself; but it little knows how its subscriptions are sometimes administered, or what the people they are intended for have to go through to benefit by them.

The N.U.W.W. Conference.

The conference of the National Union of Women Workers, held at Central Hall, Westminster, elicited some interesting speeches on "Woman's share in the work of reconstruction after the war." Miss Burstall, Head-Mistress of Manchester High School, who led the debate on education, said that our officials had been too much influenced by Prussian methods. She put in a plea for cheaper medical training for women and greater opportunities at Oxford and Cambridge. An amusing anecdote occurred in a paper written by Miss Adler, of the L.C.C., on women's part in industry. Said one woman to a visitor: "If them that runs this war can keep it up another couple o' year, I shall be on my feet again." Miss Margaret Ashton urged that daughters should be taken into family businesses, as in France and America. Perhaps one day "John Smith and Daughter" will be as common as "John Smith and Son." Dr. Mary Murdoch recommended more attention to eugenics. Now that so many of the best men were being killed, she said, and the unfit left at home, women would have to be very careful whom they married.

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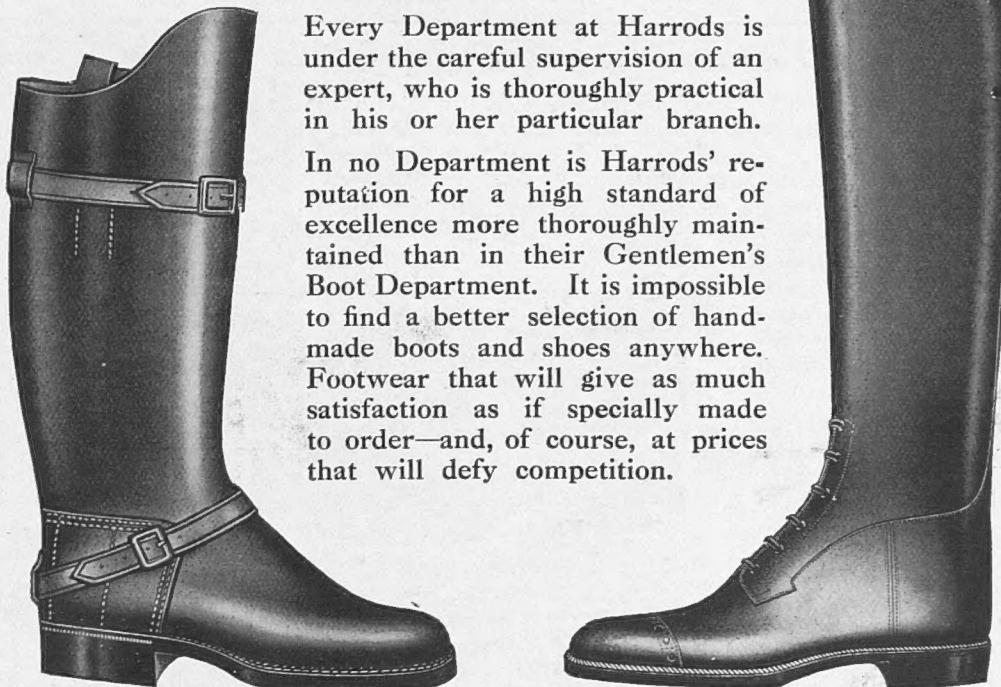
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S OPPORTUNITY : THE DARKNESS THAT MAY BE FELT : A MINISTER'S CAR.

A New Terror. It is not altogether surprising, under existing conditions, that the modern highwayman should have made his appearance. A motorist was recently held up by a gang of cyclists on one of the main roads out of London. Money was demanded from the occupants of the car, and, although the driver was able to get away, the tyres were cut and the windows were smashed. Unfortunately, the occurrence was reported to the A.A. road patrols too late for action to be taken, but they are now on the look-out for this gang of highway robbers. It is a pity, however, that these were not caught red-handed, as their partial success may lead to further outrages of the same kind. In the ordinary way, of course, one would advise motorists generally who have to drive at night to keep a keen lookout for possible marauders; but a moment's reflection shows that, under present lighting conditions, no such thing as a look-out is possible. The driver of a car cannot see anything whatever in front, and can only hope to be seen by others. The only practical advice that can be given is to be prepared for contingencies of the kind above described, and to accelerate as quickly as possible, if forcibly waylaid, and not hesitate about leaving a few crumpled bicycles on the roadway.

The Whitehall Tragedy.

The com-placency with which New Scotland Yard regards the lights regulations in the Metropolitan area must have received a rude shock on the announcement of the death of Major Christie. The official theory, oft repeated, is that, though motoring accidents have increased of late, they have occurred chiefly in the daytime—a statement which is in flat defiance of the published declarations of the various coroners. Major Christie, after a long day's work at the War Office, stepped into Whitehall Court—and, according to a bystander, with a preoccupied air—and was knocked down by a taxicab. The driver declared that there was nothing but a thick wall of gloom in front of him, and that he never saw the Major at all. Anyone who has driven a car at night during the past twelve months knows that this exactly describes the state of things unless the pedestrian happens to be in

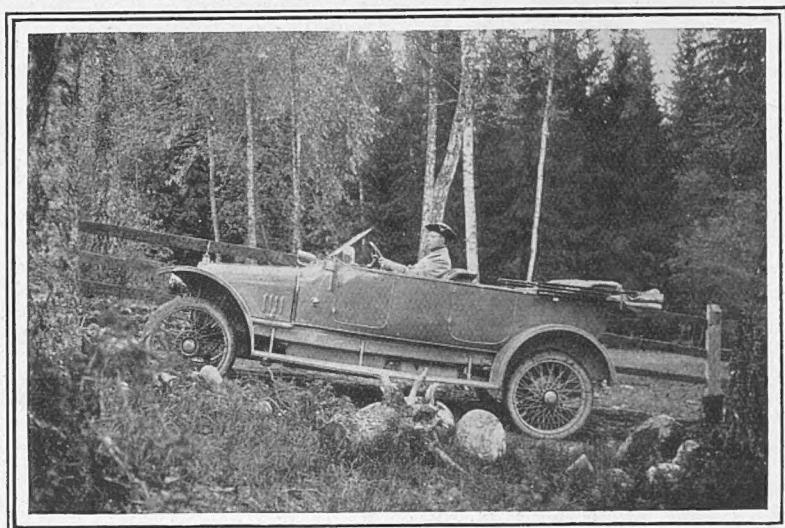
range of a street-lamp. Since Major Christie fell a victim, however, the lighting regulations have been made even more stringent, and now out-Herod Herod. As has been remarked by a morning paper, "Scotland Yard has its satisfaction entirely to itself. Night after night harmless citizens are risking being killed in the streets at a rate certainly in excess of any Zepp. average." Meanwhile, the motorist is compelled to remind the public, only too unwillingly, that he can see nothing, and that the responsibility for their own safety rests with themselves. As for himself, every yard he has to drive is a super-sublimated nightmare.

Mr. Lloyd George's Car.

Ministers, like other people, have their own preference for particular makes of motor-car. A short time ago an illustration was published on this page of a mascot on Mr. Lloyd George's car, but the name of the latter was not mentioned at the time. *The Sketch* has received a reminder, however, to the effect that the car in question was a 16-h.p. Sunbeam. The Minister of Munitions assuredly made a wise choice, and even if we were at peace would stand in no need of parting with his possession—in present circumstances the prospect is even more unlikely. For the Sunbeam Motor Company are engaged entirely upon Government work, and no touring-car car issue from their factory. Perhaps it was the Minister of Munitions' recognition of a good thing that led to this complete commandeering of the firm's resources for the country's needs.

A Few British Cars Available.

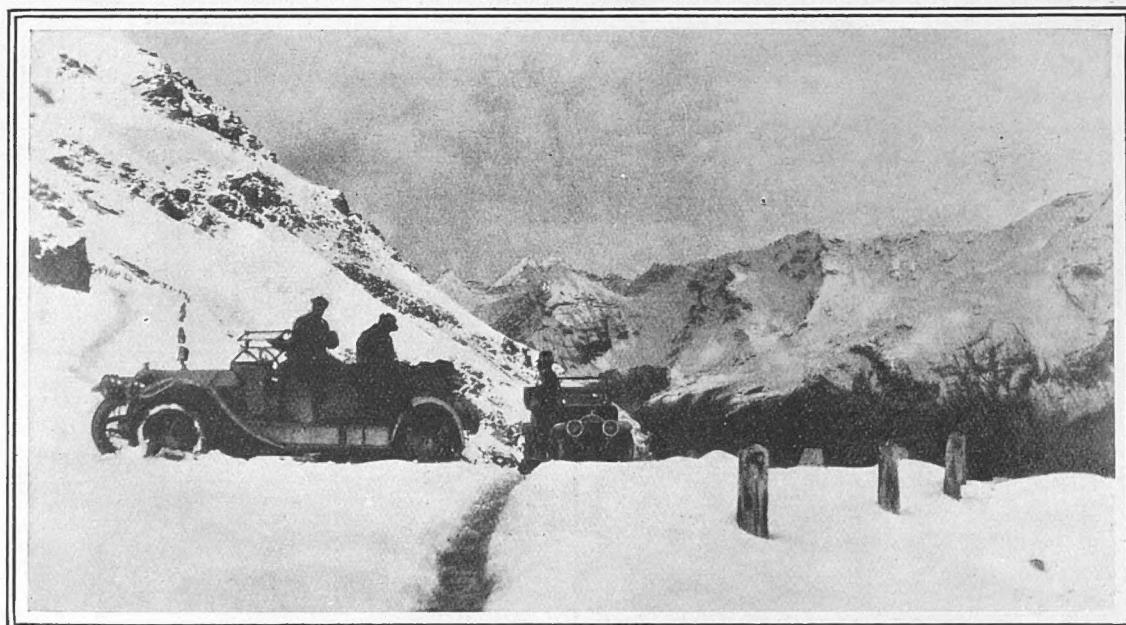
It is refreshing to know that there is one British firm, at all events, that is able to promise delivery of a few touring-cars Messrs. Straker-Squire will have in the near future a limited number of cars available for sale to their regular customers. We may remind readers anxious to embrace the possible chance of securing an English car, amid the multifarious and bewildering array of Transatlantic imports, that



SOMETHING LIKE A TEST OF CAPABILITY: A 16-H.P. SUNBEAM TACKLING A SWEDISH FOREST ROAD.

We have had hill-climbing tests for motor-cars over broken ground in which "impossible" gradients and rough surfaces have been successfully coped with. A motor-car tour in parts of Sweden, however, would, judging by the above photograph, give points in an obstacle competition to certainly the most formidable cross-country hill-tests that might be devised. There are few roads in Sweden, we are told, practicable to motor-cars, except in the vicinity of the larger towns—yet the Sunbeam 16-h.p. car here seen managed to get through a tour to the satisfaction of all concerned.

gaged entirely upon Government work, and no touring-car car issue from their factory. Perhaps it was the Minister of Munitions' recognition of a good thing that led to this complete commandeering of the firm's resources for the country's needs.



"THE CONQUEROR OF THE ALPS" NEAR THE FIGHTING-LINE: A WELL-KNOWN NAPIER 30-35 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER CAR AND A "COLONIAL NAPIER" IN THE DOLOMITES.

The Alpine frontier line between Italy and Austria runs close to where these two Napier cars are seen—near the top of the Aprica Pass in the Dolomites—and incidentally the photograph helps us to realise yet more the stupendous natural difficulties our Allies are facing in breaking through the Austrian mountain-barrier. The car on the left is a 30-35-h.p. six-cylinder Napier, whose previous Alpine performances won the sobriquet of "The Conqueror of the Alps." The car has brilliantly passed the Automobile Club tests over the mountain roads of the French, Swiss, Italian, and Austrian Alps. The car on the right is a 20-h.p. extra-strong Colonial Napier which possesses similar credentials.

the 15-20-h.p. Straker-Squire is as sound a product as could be desired, and is the outcome of years of specialisation upon one particular model.



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"They have given the greatest satisfaction. . . . Their durability is intense. . . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole."

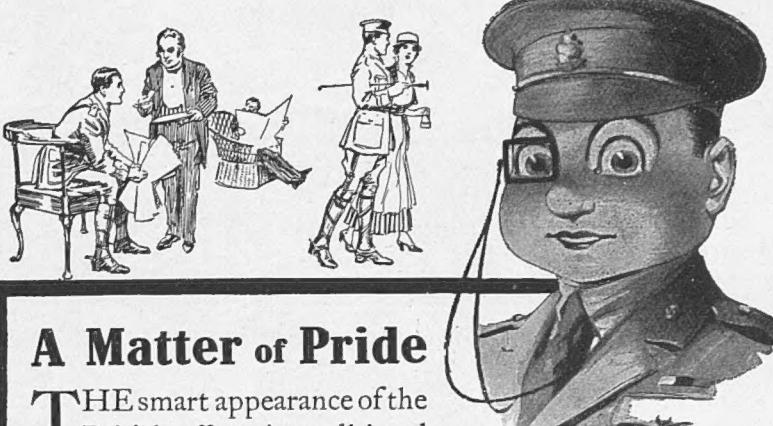
"The smoothness of tread is a revelation. . . . They prevent slipping, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

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Price 3/9 per Set (Soles and Heels for one pair of Boots), with slight extra charge for fixing.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send outline of sole and heel pencilled on paper, with P.O. 3/9 for Sample Set to the Makers:—

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Policy not only affords relief from Income Tax, but, by small annual payments out of income, at once restores the capital value of estates which have depreciated in value.

THERE ARE NO SHAREHOLDERS.
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*Bealby.*"
By H. G. WELLS.
(Methuen.)

It is open to question whether Nero was at his best on the fiddle when Rome was burning. There is no question at all about Mr. Wells in his buffoon act while Europe burns : he is at his worst. Not that there is any serious argument against buffoonery as such. It is quite as respectable as fiddling ; it should be productive of that healthiest exercise in the world—a good laugh. One really good laugh, an irresistible European laugh, and who knows ? Europe might grow kind again ! But that laugh will never be extracted from "*Bealby.*" Contrariwise ! *Bealby* was just a naughty little boy put into service at a great house by his parents. He went reluctantly ; the duties of laying the table in the servants' hall fitted badly with his conception of Life as derived from "*The Dauntless Daredevil of the Diamond Fields Horse.*" So he stuck a toasting-fork into the chin of a fellow-servant and made a violent exit. On the way he bumped against the Lord Chancellor, a weekend guest, who was at that moment carrying the materials for a drink to his bedroom. Great opportunities for rude farce on the staircase, painstakingly stage-managed by the author. And then *Bealby* attaches himself to a caravan run by (if one may say so of a caravan) three females. It is impossible to think of the three inmates of that caravan otherwise than with that detestable word. And *Bealby* conceives a calf-love for the youngest, prettiest, and unmarried one of the trio. Until *Bealby* gets found out. Then he does another bunk, and by devious further painstakingly stage-managed farcical adventures, including another glimpse of the Lord Chancellor, returns to the kitchen of his mother, a prodigal in whose honour she was sewing black cashmere, "Foolish, flippant, unnecessary," to quote the Lord Chancellor—Mr. Wells's Lord Chancellor. But exactly as Oxford marmalade may be recognised by its quality of delicious tonic bitterness, so a flavour peculiarly Wellsian—and, needless to add, not of Oxford—is supplied by Captain Douglas. Captain Douglas is the strange scapegoat for *Bealby*'s bump against the august lawyer. He was an Englishman of good breeding, and by profession a soldier ; and Mr. Wells intimates that thought or intelligence is regarded as discreditable by members of that class. Yet, to his personal shame, Captain Douglas exercised both. It was even hinted that he read philosophy, and science treatises, "*the sort of stuff they read in mechanics' institutes.*" The italics are Mr. Wells's. Here is a book devoid of humour : a farce written, one would swear, in low spirits, lacking even that virility which has hitherto charmed

Mr. Wells's most unsympathetic readers, and yet so unmistakably signed in the creation of that paradox—an intelligent English officer ! The mechanics' institute must be the gate to scholarship and the humanities. Well, perhaps in its lighter mood the mechanics' institute will welcome "*Bealby*" on shelves hitherto devoted to the shelter of those outcasts from polite society, Hegel and the rest.

"*Gossamer.*" It would be hard to name a more attractive form of letters than political satire. It is worth grubbing through the most fatiguing notes to

(Methuen)

"*Hudibras.*" And when a Wit (adjectives are more significant by their absence before such a wondrous rarity), when a Wit, breakfasting and going to bed contemporaneously with his readers, employs his mind about the great combinations of public national life as he sees it, his pen flows with the virtues of the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pens. Mr. Birmingham is such an one. The obvious comments dear to publishers' extracts of reviews float up in the mind just released from "*Gossamer's*" web. The finish, the brilliance, the distinction, the deep penetration behind the fun, like the classic jester's delicate brain beneath his bells ! And all that. But the earnestly grateful reviewer wouldn't want to dismiss it with a cliché. It would be a better tribute to be clumsy or inarticulate. One must just read and be thankful for books like "*Gossamer,*" with its subtle portraiture, its great understanding. There is a fine net of finance cast over the civilised world by the great bankers who sit in their counting-houses. Like autumn gossamer across wide spaces of heath those delicate threads tie together the masts of ships in far harbours, the lines of steel where trains go over vast prairies—all the wheels and giant masses of forged steel which we call civilisation, industry, traffic. You see what an imaginative subject ! And a German banker with English sympathies holding the threads between the great world capitals, living in London, worshipping Art, and married to an American. The spectre of war in Ireland, and presently the incarnate demon of him trampling Europe across those fine-spun threads ! To say nothing of Mrs. Ascher, the banker's wife. She grows into knowledge with all the adventurous hesitations of a real encounter—a rare achievement in fiction. Or again, the analysis of Irish temperament in Gorman, the successful politician from the village grocery ; and Sir James Digby, the dispossessed landlord. All this and much more "*Gossamer*" will yield, with an air so easy and distinguished that anything less brilliant might easily be missed in the perfection of its insouciance.

LONDON-AMERICAN MARITIME TRADING CO., LTD.

DIVIDEND OF 27 PER CENT.

THE annual general meeting of the shareholders of the London-American Maritime Trading Company, Ltd., was held on Oct. 7, at the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street. The Earl of Wemyss, the Chairman, said: "Gentlemen,—It is my pleasant duty to move : 'That the directors' report and the accounts as submitted be and are hereby adopted and confirmed.' This is the first annual meeting of the Company. Its trading has practically synchronised with the most terrible year in the world's history. While the conduct of the Germans on land has been brutal, barbarous, and ruthless, on sea they have outraged the canons of civilisation and horrified humanity by attacking unarmed passenger ships and sinking them without notice, crowded as they might have been with women and children. I am sorry to say that two of our ships during the past year have fallen victims to the enemy. The *Rio Iguaçu* was legitimately sunk by the German cruiser *Karlsruhe*, and the *Rio Parana* was afterwards sunk by a torpedo in the Channel. Of course, the loss was covered by insurance, but much valuable earning time was wasted during the period these two ships were being replaced. I do not know that I need remind the shareholders present to-day that there are peculiar circumstances about our Company. We all know that shipping freights vary very much. Our Company, as regards six of its nine vessels, is under a time charter with the Rio de Janeiro Light and Power Company. Under this charter they are sure, no matter how low freights may be, of having continual and remunerative employment, but the system has its disadvantages. We cannot have it both ways, and while freights are high we cannot reap the full advantage of those high freights. Apart from this we have had considerable bad luck, because two of our unchartered ships met with accidents. Now, I have begun by striking a rather gloomy note, but I think those of you who, having the balance-sheet, are in the privileged position of being able to look at the end of the book know that the ending is satisfactory. If you refer to the balance-sheet, you will find that the trading results show a profit of £130,588 os. 7d. The directors propose to deal with this sum in the following way : £4123 14s. 5d. goes for various expenses, and £21,697 goes towards paying the interest on and the redemption of Debentures. On this latter item I should like to say one word. Many companies of this nature are handicapped and their earning possibilities choked by the weight of Debentures round their necks. We have raised £200,000

of 5½ per cent. Debentures, towards the liquidation of which we agreed in the prospectus to pay £29,000 annually. As these bonds are drawn or purchased, the interest payable, of course, diminishes, and the money for redemption increases, and at this rate in 8½ years the Preference and Ordinary shareholders will enter into the unencumbered enjoyment of their property, and the Debentures will be entirely paid off. That, I think, is a very satisfactory point, and obviates as long as it prevails the necessity of putting aside any large sum for depreciation at the moment. We propose to have a reserve for contingencies of £25,000. Underwriting and other formation expenses are written off by £5500, and £20,000 is put to a general reserve—making reserves of £45,000 altogether—leaving a balance of £54,267 3s. 10d." After proceeding to deal with other matters, he moved the following resolution : "That the payment of the fixed dividend on the Cumulative and Participating shares at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, for the period to March 31, 1915, be and is hereby approved, and that a supplementary dividend on the said Preference shares of 4½ per cent. be and is hereby declared out of the profits for the period to July 31, 1915 ; also that a dividend of 27 per cent. be and is hereby declared on the Ordinary shares of the Company out of the profits for the period to July 31, 1915."

The vote was unanimously accorded.

The Chairman, concluding, said : "Gentlemen, on behalf of the Board and the management, I thank you most heartily for the very kind vote you have passed. I think that in drawing attention to the excellence of our management I might have mentioned that we are extremely fortunate in our secretary. (Applause.) I did not indulge in any prophecy as regards the future, because I think anyone who in the present state of uncertainty attempts to gaze through the impenetrable veil of the future is a very rash man indeed. All I can say is that we have done extremely well, that we will try to continue to do extremely well, and that, whatever happens, we consider that we are in as favourable a position as any other similar company in the country at the present moment."

The supplementary dividend on the Preference shares and the dividend on the Ordinary shares will be posted to the shareholders on the night of the 18th instant, and the transfer books of the Company will be closed from the 13th to the 21st instant.